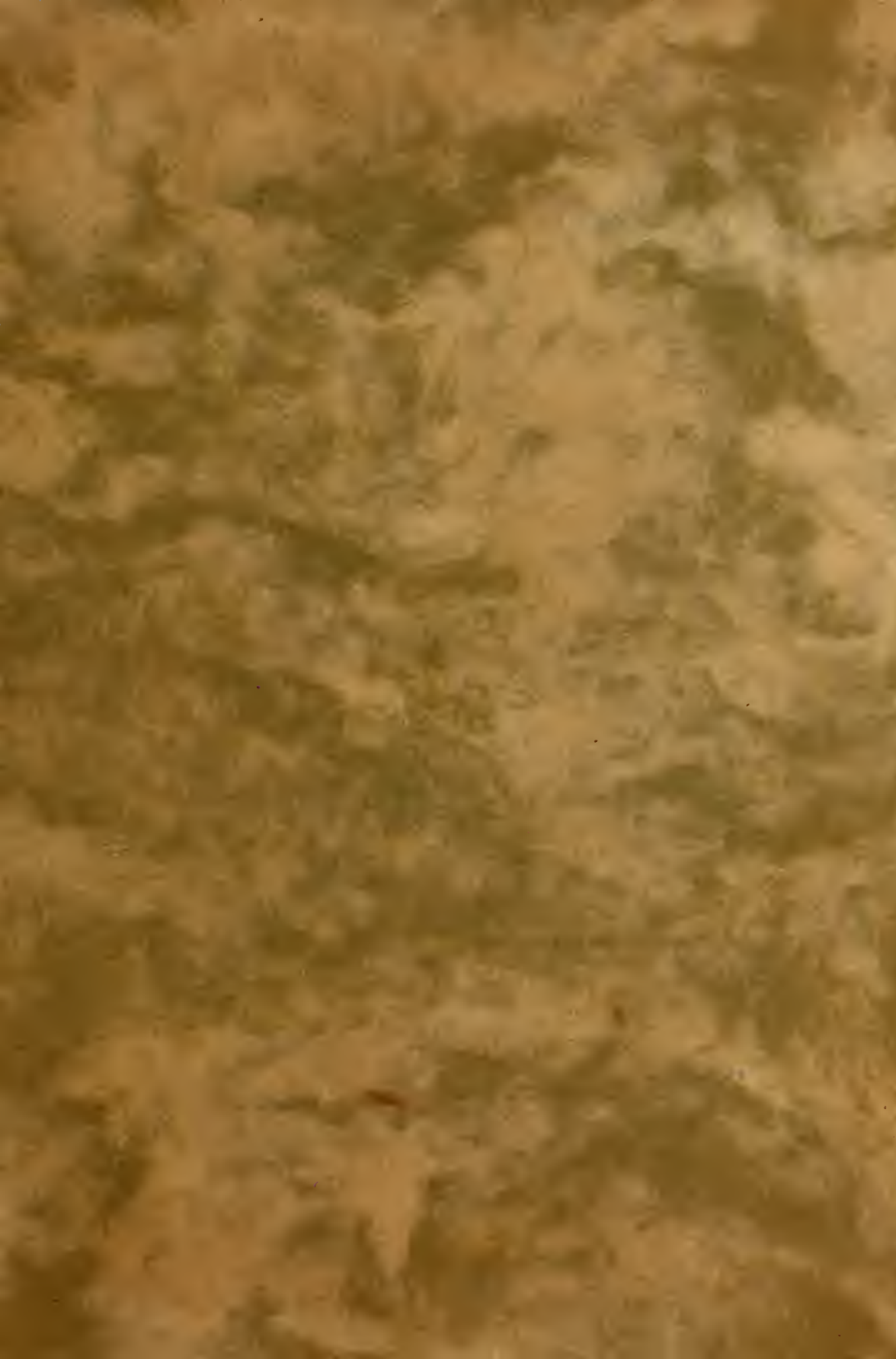


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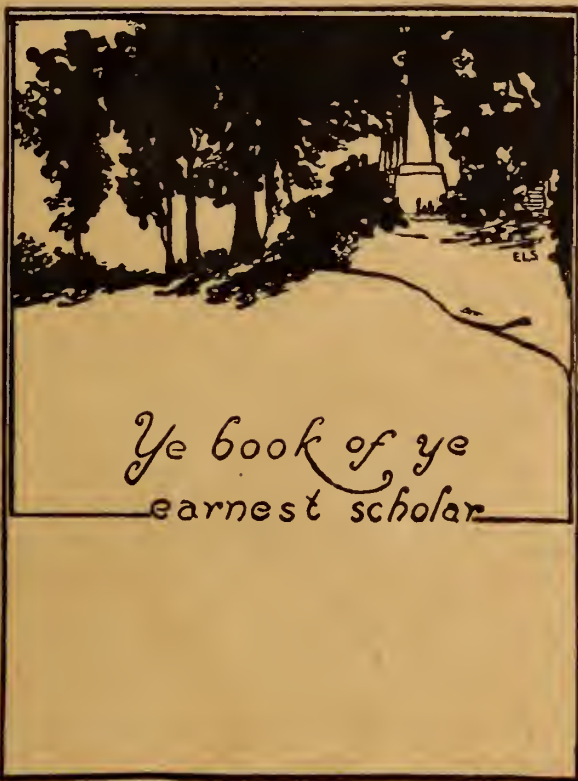
1812















Oh! who will walk a while with me  
    Along this oft-trod way?  
A path where comrades of old times and new  
From one another deepest secrets drew,  
Or lingered, as each sunny space was passed,  
To watch the silent shadow-patterns cast.  
To you who let your fancy freely play,  
Past friendships, frolics of another day,  
Will for the moment, vivid, present be.  
Time pauses when you walk the while with me.

And who will read a while with me  
    Of the footsteps' daily beat?  
Of the ceaseless throb of a heart and will  
That yearn for the light shining out from the hill?  
At the end of the walk we reach the light  
Which reveals life's devious path aright.  
When no longer sun nor shadows throw  
Their rich mosaic, still the path will glow.  
The sympathetic stars our failures see;  
With like forbearance, read a while with me.

## Our New President

---

The success of any institution is dependent largely upon the one who has assumed the control of affairs. It is he who is called upon to solve the difficulties which present themselves; it is upon his shoulders that the weight of responsibility is thrown. If he cannot offer the solutions to the difficulties which thrust themselves upon him, if he is not able to shoulder the great load of responsibility, the institution at whose head he stands must suffer.

The continued progress of the Normal School during the last nine months has been such that the ability of the man at the head of the institution has been brought out in its greatest intensity. Although he has been a part of the School for a short time only, his executive ability, his integrity, and his indomitable will have been indelibly graven upon its character. His administration has not been that of a tyrant seeking to make known his power and authority, but it has been that of a guide and counsellor. To all who know him, he is a true friend and helper. He has gained the love and esteem of all with whom he has been associated.

To Victor L. Roy, the President of Louisiana State Normal, we dedicate this page in the POTPOURRI of Nineteen-twelve.





PRESIDENT V. L. ROY.





EVOLUTION OF THE "POTPOURRI."

## Calendar for 1911-12

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May 28th, Sunday at Noon, Dormitories Open.  
May 29th, Monday, Regular Entrance Examinations.  
May 30th, Tuesday, Session of 1911-12 Begins.  
September 10th, Sunday at Noon, Dormitories Open.  
September 11th, Monday, Entrance Examinations.  
September 12th, Tuesday, Fall Term Opens.  
November 24th, Thursday, Thanksgiving Day.  
December 1st, Friday, Fall Term Closes.  
December 4th, Monday, Winter Term Opens,  
December 23d, 1911, to January 2d, 1912, Christmas Vacation.  
March 1st, Friday, Winter Term Closes.  
March 4th, Monday, Spring Term Opens.  
May 24th, Spring Term Closes (Commencement Day).  
June 2d, Sunday, Dormitories Open.  
June 3d, Monday, Summer Term Opens.



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## Prologue.



Criticism that is adverse in your heart and mind  
 We wish away, and desire instead to find,  
 Judging reader, that quality of grace—  
 Loving sympathy for our theme and place.  
 Our scene is Normal, 'cause we would make known  
 No school's worth is better than our own;  
 No place gives freer welcome at its door  
 To townsman, rustic, many persons more,  
 Whose minds, well trained here, serve the State  
 And aid her in her struggle to abate  
 The tide of ignorance. Though we are fain  
 Not to instruct so much as entertain,  
 Our wish is that each student here should know  
 The forces which have made our Normal grow.  
 Some forces we casually may espy;  
 They need no advertisement. The inner eye  
 Alone discovers those whose strength depends  
 Upon a finer, subtler power which blends  
 With feeling. Past work, past hopes, old ideals are  
 The spices, perfumes, flower-leaves in the jar  
 That blend their several odors and distil  
 Them gently through the air of Normal Hill.  
 Combined they form a rose-jar, Potpourri  
 Whose fragrance, once inhaled, will henceforth be  
 A link that binds one's present to the past  
 In closest union. Come, let us make fast  
 This votive bond, and pledge without delay:  
 "Falty to the Normal of an Older Day."

## Our Alma Mater

---



THE Louisiana State Normal School was the first great unaided expression of the will of the people of this Commonwealth to conserve and dignify its childhood. A bill was introduced into the Legislature of 1884 by one of north Louisiana's most progressive citizens to establish a school for the training of teachers. The people of the old historic town of Natchitoches made sacrifices in money and persistent effort to have the institution located at this point. Their endeavors met with success, and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, located on a hill just back of the town and overlooking the valley of the river, became our Normal School for the training of the young men and women who were to create and maintain a system of twentieth century schools for our children.

During the three years of Dr. Edward E. Sheib's administration of the affairs of the institution many fundamental problems were worked out, and interest in the upbuilding of the School spread throughout the State.

In 1888 Colonel Thomas D. Boyd was called to the serious task of making the School function for the wider spread of its uplifting influence. During the eight years in which he was at the head of affairs many activities now in operation in the State for arousing the public conscience on the subject of home education for our children were instituted. Under his administration the first Institute Conductor was employed and the State Teachers' Association was formed. How the spirit of that olden day lives and throbs in the hearts and lives of "Colonel Boyd's boys and girls"! In the gatherings of the Alumni the "Boyd people" are easily detected by their optimism, enthusiasm, and altruism. The Normal to them still means the large old Southern buildings quietly fronting the massive oaks and cedars, and the garden of old-fashioned, sweet-smelling flowers. Something of the gentle dignity of that grandest of women, Mrs. Agnes Scott Donoho, pervades all the memories of this day that is past; and they remember, too, a man's coming into control of the destiny of their Alma Mater—a man whom they already knew and loved through his work with many of them in the Biological Laboratory—Mr. Beverly C. Caldwell. For twelve years the work established under Colonel Boyd grew and strengthened, inspired and directed by one whose insight into human life and human affairs is little less than marvelous. The "Caldwell people" in the Alumni Association stand shoulder to shoulder on all propositions touching the well-being of our public schools. With high ideals and an abiding faith in the power of love and of work, these men and women to-day mean much to the progress of the State and its steady climb toward a high plane of real social efficiency. During the last years of Mr. Caldwell's administration our present State system of public schools arose—organized and lifted

from the "Slough of Despond" by Louisiana's Horace Mann, Dr. James B. Aswell, Old buildings began to give way to modern structures on the Normal Campus. The Convent building, with its haunted cells, yielded its site to an immense academic creation in brick and terra cotta; The society halls, S. A. K. and E. L. S., that had been the forum for many voices now heard in chambers of commerce and legislative halls as well as on the educational stump defending the rights of the child, vanished. No longer did Mrs. Lobdell's "clap" resound through the great corridors on Saturday evenings warning the reluctant ones of the lateness of the hour.

And a day came when "one of the teachers of the Normal was going away." He went. Dr. Aswell relinquished his position as head of the educational system of this State to take control of the affairs of the School which he loved and whose Faculty and Alumni, many of whom he had taught, reposed in him the utmost confidence and devotion; this confidence and devotion were well placed, for to-day a New Normal stands on the old Hill. Three years were quite sufficient for a man of his great organizing ability, masterly energy, and unswerving faithfulness in following up the worthiest in life to lay such plans both for the outward form and inward spirit of this New Normal that it will meet the needs of the State, even in the distant future.

The old scenes on the Campus familiar to the graduates of the '90s—the walks, the trees, the buildings—have disappeared or are disappearing. The Matron's building will remain as a monument to "Ye Normal of ye olden time." Stately modern buildings of brick and stone are finding abiding-places among the tall pines. Hundreds of electric lights flash out from the Hill and drive ways. The sun sinks in erstwhile splendor behind the great forest. An earnest little man from south Louisiana sits in the office of the New Academic, talking to the girl who ought "to go home for her health," and answering telegrams from the Superintendents who wish to employ the services of graduates. The needs of the State are greater than ever before. The power of the Alma Mater increases with occasions. A new bell suspended from the great water-tower announces study-hour. Hundreds answer its summons where tens did in the past. Silence prevails. The forces that produced the "Normalite" of the past are still operating. The spirit of the Alma Mater will always animate the lives of those who dwell on Normal Hill.





## Miss Laure Tauzin.

---

*In the death of Miss Laure Tauzin, March 20, 1912, the Normal School lost one of its most devoted workers. For eighteen years she went in and out among us, an example of faithfulness to duty and loyalty to service; and when stricken by dread disease, she showed a patience and heroism characteristic of a great spirit.*

*Born of French parentage and educated at the old Sacred Heart Convent, she belonged to the old regime, yet she adapted herself to the new order. After many years of teaching, she returned to school when the Normal was established, took up the work with interest, finished the course, and later became one of its most efficient teachers. She served the Normal School as Critic Teacher and as Instructor in French Language and Literature, and to both she brought all the enthusiasm and devotion of her ardent nature. Her pupils will long remember her as an eloquent teacher, and will bear through their lives the impress of her faithful service. The Normal School, strengthened by her life and work, will go forward, ever holding her in precious memory.*





## The Alumni

---

Normal, Normal, she 's the one for me!  
Normal, Normal, prosperous may she be!  
She 's the queen of the South, she is worth all the rest.  
Normal, Normal, Normal she 's the one I love the best.

All over the State there are men and women who are singing this song in their hearts they are the men and women who comprise your Alumni, student of 1912; your Alumni that working body of people who represent so nobly the best of your Normal School—that body of graduates whose ranks you are striving to join

Suppose, student of 1912, that you could have them all assemble from every part of the State and form into one long, long, unbroken line, from the graduate of over a quarter of a century ago to the last little graduate of the last graduating class. What an inspiration! What a difference in age, looks, thought, and character, yet what a purpose, what an underlying principle, uniting them all under the standards of the Normal School!

Listen! Each class is giving its yell—its enthusiastic, hair-raising, ear-splitting class yell—but isn't it strange and wonderful that at this distance all those different yells soften and blend into one glad harmony, the old Normal



Song! And each class bears its own colors—such combinations: all the hues of the rainbow, with a thousand varied shades. But look, dear student. At this distance, with this perspective, do you not see that they soften and blend into one harmony of color, the Purple and White.

Student of 1912, you smile at the quaint pictures of old graduates in old catalogues and annuals—old graduates, with their queer styles. You smile, perhaps, at their methods of teaching; you do not use their old scratched-up desks and blackboards and plans; you do not keep up their old habits and customs; they, departing, left behind them footprints on Normal Hill which you have not preserved (since the new walks were laid); but there is something you have kept—something that never could be improved upon, something you are proud to own—their spirit, that beautiful, kindly spirit of love and helpfulness and understanding that works for the uplifting of humanity; that spirit that makes all things possible.

It is wonderful, the Alumni of your School, and the Old Normal loves her graduates and looks with pride upon them as a mother does upon her great grown-up successful sons and daughters. So, dear student of 1912, do not forget what your Alumni means to you. Lift up your glass and drink a toast to them:

Here's to those who have gone before, who have carried the standards of the Normal out of the life of school into that larger school of life where they labor for us yet. We'll not forget.

THE ALUMNI!





# A Tradition of the Normal

---



THE great State of Louisiana  
Boasts a splendid Normal School,  
Where the hills resound with music,  
Blown by breezes sweet and cool.  
Though the place may seem prosaic,  
Legend does its history fill,  
For the memory of the Convent  
Weaves a halo o'er the hill.

Long before the modern changes  
Laid the Convent building low,  
Nuns took up their habitations  
In the small cells in a row.  
There the nuns, in clean black raiment,  
Slowly paced the narrow hall;  
They had laid aside all pleasures,  
Answered quick to duty's call.

Grave were they and very gentle,  
Smiles scarce ever lit a face;  
Worked here daily the sweet Sisters,  
Moving with a blessed grace.  
They had left their gay companions,  
Entered gratefully this life,  
Laid aside the world's vain dealings,  
Calming down its awful strife.

Praying, and then starting over,  
Lingering humbly o'er each bead,  
Asking that He would remember  
To fulfill their every need.  
Sometimes they would almost waver  
In their steps, so true and slow,  
But each one would help the other  
In their holy path to go.

Night and day and day and night  
They walked their holy way,  
Training the young lives about them  
Jesus' precepts to obey.  
All the time they never wavered  
In their teachings of His love,  
Till their tired, worn souls left them,  
For a resting-place above.

Still, they say, the nuns do linger,  
Walking forth in bright moonlight;  
Without ceasing do they pace here,  
Praying always for the right.  
Sometimes, when the night is peaceful,  
Stillness reigns, and all is bright,  
We may see a sweet nun praying  
Ere she silently takes flight.



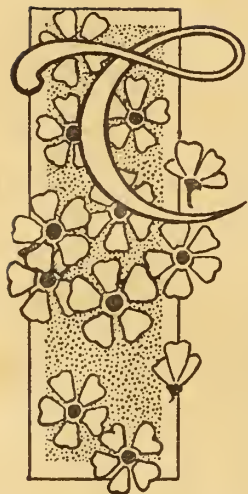
# Faculty

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V. L. ROY.....	President
H. H. RYAN.....	Training Teacher
GEORGE WILLIAMSON.....	Biology, Agriculture
LIZZIE CARTER McVOY.....	English
JOHN C. SOUTH.....	Latin, Writing
R. W. WINSTEAD.....	Latin
L. A. DAVIS.....	Physics, Chemistry
ROBERTA NEWELL.....	Education
W. H. STOPHER.....	Singing
A. M. HOPPER.....	Manual Training
R. E. BOBBITT.....	Mathematics
P. T. HEDGES.....	Mathematics and Science
HELENA MESSERSCHMIDT.....	Education
DEAN E. VARNADO.....	English, History
JESSIE BOWDEN.....	Education
MABEL MOORE.....	English
LILLIAN D'ERY.....	French
MAY PHILLIPS.....	Drawing
ISABEL WILLIAMSON.....	Drawing
EVA MORRIS.....	Voice
Dr. C. G. POOLE.....	Science, Men's Athletics
MILDRED GLENDON.....	Domestic Science
ANNA MAUD VAN HOOSE.....	Piano
MARIE LOUISE DICKERSON.....	Piano
ETHEL KENNEDY.....	Violin, Piano
SCHARLIE RUSSELL.....	Librarian
J. W. BATEMAN.....	Agriculture
C. J. BROWN.....	Rural School Pedagogy
F. S. MERRIMAN.....	Dairying
BESSIE V. RUSSELL.....	Critic Teacher, First Grade
JEMMIE NELSON.....	Critic Teacher, Second Grade
ALICIA DICKSON.....	Critic Teacher, Third Grade
BESS A. GRAHAM.....	Critic Teacher, Fourth Grade
CARMEN BREAZEALE.....	Critic Teacher, Fifth Grade
EDNA LEVY.....	Critic Teacher, Sixth Grade
AUGUSTA NELKEN.....	Critic Teacher, Seventh Grade
G. E. GUARDIA.....	Critic Teacher, Eighth and Ninth Grades
AMELIA GAULDEN.....	Critic Teacher, Tenth and Eleventh Grades
Mrs. HENRY HAWKINS.....	Matron
LILLIE M. KEANE.....	Graduate Nurse
Mrs. M. V. WILDERSON.....	Secretary
J. C. MONROE.....	Cashier
LEVEN L. McCOOK.....	Registrar
ROBIN L. SMITH.....	Engineer
W. T. ROW.....	Watchman

## Shadows of the Past

---



THE SUN is behind the pines and the sifted gold of his last rays mingles in the dusky halls with the music that pervades the building. Who does not know the dreamy charm of that enchanted hour on the Hill? when pianos, violins, and horns are pouring fourth their wealth of golden-voiced melody—when the mind goes softly back into the past or soars falcon-winged into the future—the enchanted hour between the bells that shatter our æsthetic dreams.

High up in the building a boy draws his bow across the strings of his violin one last time, and as the sweet, clear notes quiver into silence the musician, with his eye on the growing evening shades, drifts gently back into the dimly illumined past of the memory-haunted Hill. Back, back he goes by the beautiful mystic dream-road, until out of the shadows there grows a majestic figure. Arrow-straight, copper-hued, supple as a willow wand, and dignified with all the dignity of Nature, he stands, with eagle feathers gleaming in his raven hair and eyes like coals burning among the streaks of war-paint upon his proud countenance. A moment, and he is gone. After him there comes, with swarthy cheek and flowing periwig, treading lightly, with sheathed sword and swinging arms cased in soft brocade, a mannered courtier. He is but softly clad and gaily, yet the war-fire lives in the face that smiles above the *fleur-de-lis* that shows upon his breast. He goes, followed by a figure, gaily attired, who saunters after him, with heavy boots, glittering breastplate, and beneath his arm a harp that sang its first clear note in sunny Spain. He bows gaily—a model cavalier—and strolls away with jaunty air. And then, with stately tread, and nobly gentle face, comes the Southern gentleman. The dignity of culture is here, one with the primitive dignity of the Image. His lips are made to command, his brows to fight, his eyes for laughter and for love. The shadows fold about his noble figure, and from their depths, slowly, with down-cast eyes and sombre black robes, there comes a nun, awful in her consecrated virginity. White and pure burns the light of her holy sacrifice upon her humble brow. She passes, like a soft, dark shadow of mysterious holiness, into the gray shadows about her. . . . There is a gay flash of purple and white. A laughing girl, merry and wholesome as a south wind, yet with the solemn sense of the noble vocation before her, stands a moment, brightening the shadows; she pauses an instant, then flits away at the ringing of the bell.

## Retrospection

---

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!  
Make me a Normal girl, just for to-night.  
Classmates, come back to your place as of yore;  
Honest, own up, isn't teaching a bore?  
See on my forehead these furrows of care;  
Soon silver threads will be touching my hair.  
Come, at the Normal once more let us meet—  
Our own Alma Mater, it cannot be beat.

Backward, flow backward, to old Normal joys;  
I'm growing so weary of school-girls and boys,  
Boys who are stupid and girls who are vain—  
Take them and give me my school-days again.  
I have grown weary of lesson and test,  
Weary of saying, "Now, do your best,"  
Weary of gleaning the "tares from the wheat"—  
Take me to the Normal—it cannot be beat.

Normal, dear Normal, the years have seemed long  
Since last I looked back on your full-numbered throng;  
Then, in the strength of my pride and my youth,  
Loudly I boasted what I'd do, forsooth;  
Now I know better—just try me again;  
I'll stand by the Normal from beginning to end.  
Friends, teachers, and pupils, once more let us meet  
At Louisiana State Normal—it cannot be beat.

Backward, come backward, my old Normal beau.  
What if your manners were clumsy and slow?  
Your heart was all right and your promises true—  
How often now, Charlie, my heart turns to you!  
Let me feel once more the thrill as of old  
As I stole a quiet talk with my lover so bold;  
I'd take my due scolding; I'd not like to cheat  
Mrs. Hawkins of *scolding*, for she can't be beat!







## April Fool

---

Winstead's lessons are too short;  
April fool!  
Latin sure is Houston's forte;  
Hopper is an Ar sport;  
April fool!

Miss Mabel Moore is wearing "rats";  
April fool!  
Mr. Roy recognized the "frats";  
Some one said South wasn't "bats";  
April fool!

We're grateful for what we receive;  
April fool!  
Mrs. McVoy is going to leave,  
When she does we all will grieve;  
April fool!

Miss Dickerson will not play "rags";  
April fool!  
Miss Nelken's tongue never wags;  
Bobbitt sometimes gets on "jags";  
April fool!

Miss D'Ery just *will not flunk*;  
April fool!  
Phillips' head has slightly shrunk;  
The Normal Band is very "punk";  
April fool!

Brown's so stout he has to wobble;  
April fool!  
Mrs. Kean now wears a hobble;  
Normal girls have ceased to "gobble";  
April fool!

"Pap" is getting awful fat;  
April fool!  
Bateman wears a tall silk hat;  
Stopher's quite an aristocrat;  
April fool!

Miss Norris weighs just ninety net;  
April fool!  
The Lyceum is out of debt;  
Normal "mopped up" Lafayette;  
April fool!

Miss Messerschmidt has turned a saint;  
April fool!  
A pretty girl makes Merriman faint;  
This should be funny, *but it ain't!*  
April fool!

# Classified Roll of Normal Students

---

## ANIMALS.

Bird.	Griffin.	Mann.
Crow.	Kaffie.	Roach.
Coon.		Swann.

## DESCENDANTS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

Adams.	Hamilton.	Moore.
Bell.	Henry.	Nelson.
Bryant.	Hays.	Perry.
Cain.	Jackson.	Pierce.
Calhoun.	Johnson.	Russell.
Cooper.	Kelley.	Spencer.
Davis.	Lee.	Stanley.
Emerson.	Lewis and Clark.	Webre.
Grant.	Lindsey.	Whitman.
	Mann.	

## OCCUPATIONS AND TITLES.

Baker.	Fuller.	Porter.
Bishop.	Gardner.	Potter.
Carter.	Hopper.	Sawyer.
Carver.	Messerschmidt.	Shaver.
Cook.	Mann.	Sellers.
Cooper.	Major.	Turner.
Dean.	Monk.	Tucker.
Dyer.	Palmer.	Walker.
Fowler.	Plummer.	

## QUALITIES.

Bonney.	Green.	Short.
Brown.	Handy.	Sterling.
Burleigh.	Long.	White.
Christian.	Moody.	Wise.
Ernest.	Sharp.	Young.



## THINGS.

Ake	Foote.	Moss.
Arbour.	Granary.	Penz.
Banks.	Gulley.	Pool.
Barnes.	Hair.	Potts.
Barrow.	Hamm.	Power.
Bean.	Hays.	Reid.
Bell.	Haase.	Rist.
Boggs.	Hoell.	Row.
Bond.	Hood.	Sale.
Bonnette.	Howell.	Scheen.
Brooks.	Hunt.	Steele.
Burns.	Key.	Street.
Carr.	Knight.	Toombs.
Carroll.	List.	Towns.
Comfort.	Locke.	Vial.
Cook.	Lyne.	Vice.
Cupp.	Midgett.	Vines.
Dey.	Mire.	Webb.
Field.	Morrow.	





## A Romance of the Calendar

---

WHY goodness me!" said the popular one,  
"I 've been teaching a week to-day; 'tis SUN.

"This teaching business is certainly no fun  
Or funds either," said she, and counted her MON.

After paying her bills, long over-due,  
Her surplus dollars amounted to TUE.

Then sadly and slowly she shook her red head,  
Thinking of one that she fain would WED.

The weather just then seemed depressing, too,  
For first it "friz-up" and then afterwards THU.

She resolved to marry—to do it or die—  
A bachelor, a widower, or smaller FRI.

So now you behold her enthroned in a flat,  
Where a merry old bachelor smoked as he SAT.

You 'd ne'er think she at the Normal begun;  
She 's been married a week to-day; 'tis SUN.



## Faculties

---



**F**ACULTY—A collection of more or less ancient persons, usually found loitering near a school; their purpose seems to be to prevent the graduation of students whenever possible. A Faculty renders the school about the same service that the vermiform appendix renders the body—viz., none.

Faculties may easily be divided into two groups: (*a*) those who pass one and (*b*) those who do not. Those of the first group are ladies and gentlemen of the highest intelligence and utmost good sense, and are absolutely unprejudiced; those of the latter group are ignorant, prejudiced, and utterly unable to judge scholarship.

It must not be supposed, however, that Faculty members never reform, for in some instances they do give up their positions, resolve to break themselves of bad habits, and earn an honest living. The percentage of such reforms, however, is not very great.

It is to be hoped, in this age of wireless telegraphy, horseless carriages, and fireless cookers, that some benefactor of mankind will invent a Facultyless school. If this is done, several people will possibly graduate who might otherwise spend their lives at school.

# The Normal Census

---

TEN at the Y. W.,  
Prayin' for more;  
Stacks at the ball game,  
Disputin' the score.

Few in the Library,  
Four in the Shop;  
All at athletics,  
Ready to drop.

One at the blackboard,  
Workin' after school;  
Three breakin' bricks  
For disobeyin' a rule.

Flock eatin' Hershey's,  
Bought at the Store;  
Ten borrowin' dresses  
They 've worn before.

Crowd at Society,  
None of 'em glad;  
Nine in the Glee Club and  
Eight of 'em mad.

Scores on Front Street,  
Shoppin' down town;  
Bunch in the Office,  
Gettin' called down.

Swarm at the "Dago's,"  
Spendin' their cash;  
Dozens on the North Walk,  
Throwin' down trash.

Jam at the Street Fair,  
Willin' to buy;  
Two in a corner,  
One sorter shy.

Four in the Agri Class,  
Sharpenin' spades;  
Lot at the Office door,  
Kickin' at grades.

Gang in the Hammer Club,  
Busy as can be;  
One bendin' o'er a desk,  
Writin' POTPOURRI.

Some do the pullin',  
More of 'em balk;  
Few of 'em thinkin',  
All of 'em talk.

Lots of advisers  
And few to agree;  
None you can really  
Depend on—but me.



## Normal Hymnal

---

Long have I sat.—*Faculty Meeting.*  
Art thou weary, art thou languid?—*Launa Arant.*  
Now I have found the ground.—*Mr. Weaver.*  
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.—*Newton Voiers.*  
Weary of earth.—*Mr. Merriman.*  
Let not the wise their wisdom boast.—*Seniors Who Fail.*  
Amazing grace.—*Miss Atkins.*  
A happy day.—*1912 Commencement.*  
I want a principle(pal).—*What the Graduates Wish to Hear.*  
We hope in thee.—*Faculty to Graduates.*  
Pass me not.—*Nobody.*  
Glorious things of thee are spoken.—*Normal.*  
Blest be the dear, uniting love.—*Mr. Guardia.*  
Oh! where shall rest be found?—*Seniors.*  
Ho! every one.—*Eleventh Term Agricultural Class.*  
Come, every soul.—*Club Girls to Club Meeting.*  
Do not I love thee?—*Harry Kranson.*  
I could not do without thee.—*Shirley Sawyer.*  
For ever here my rest shall be.—*Those Who Failed Two Times Straight.*  
Oh, come and dwell in me!—*New Dormitory.*  
A charge to keep I have.—*The Little Gem.*  
Go, labor on.—*Mr. Hopper.*  
Come on, my partners in distress.—*Freshmen.*  
Oh, it is hard to work!—*Paul Potts.*  
How great the wisdom, power, and grace!—*Mrs. McVoy.*  
All people that on earth do dwell, sing.—*Chorus.*  
Come, let us tune our loftiest song.—*Sopranos.*  
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing.—*Practice Teacher in Critique.*  
Still, still with thee.—*Student Called to Office.*  
Abide with me.—*Mrs. Hawkins.*  
Now the day is over.—*POTPOURRI Staff.*  
Welcome, sweet day of rest.—*Faculty on May Twenty-fifth.*  
O day of rest and gladness!—*Sunday for Mr. Roy.*

When life sinks apace and death is in view.—*Practice Teacher Giving First Lesson.*

Joy to the world.—*Those Who Passed.*

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.—*Normal Girls.*

Oh, come and mourn with me awhile!—*Normal after Ruston Game.*

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.—*Normal Band.*

He is gone, a cloud of light.—*Mr. Pittman.*

One there is, above all others.—*Mr. Roy.*

Spirit of faith, come down.—*Overconfident Student.*

How precious is the book!—*Roommate's Note-Book.*

Lamp of our feet.—*Latin Pony.*

Sow in the morn thy seed.—*Mr. Williamson.*

My times are in thy hand.—*Parliamentary Law Drillers.*

My soul, be on thy guard —*Basketball Guards.*

Courage, brother; do not stumble.—*Babin.*

Fade, fade.—*Monthly Allowance.*

Givers of concord(?)—*Music Students.*

The day of wrath, that dreadful day.—*When Grades Are Handed Out.*

Ten thousand times ten thousand.—*Mr. Hedges.*

My heavenly home.—*Freshie after Two Weeks at Normal.*

Soon may the last glad song arise.—*Graduates.*

Watchman, tell us of the night.—*Mr. Row.*

O happy home.—*Everyone Going Home for Vacation.*

Brightly gleams our banner.—*Winners of Society Contest.*

Sun of my soul.—*Mr. South.*

See, the conquering hero comes.—*"Dad" Norred.*

Hark! the song.—*Glee Club.*

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing!—*Miss Norris.*

Come, ye disconsolate.—*Those Who Have Flunked.*

The answering-time will come.—*Final Tests.*





# The Seven Wonders of the Normal School

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- |                        |                                   |
|------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Athletic Park.      | 5. New Course in Rural Education. |
| 2. New Dining-hall.    | 6. POTPOURRI.                     |
| 3. Normal Band.        | 7. "Dago" Sam's.                  |
| 4. Literary Societies. |                                   |
- 

## The School Alphabet

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- A—Associations.  
B—Brilliancy.  
C—Character, Charity.  
D—Dignity.  
E—Enthusiasm.  
F—Faithfulness, Fairness.  
G—Glory.  
H—Hope, Honor.  
I—Importance.  
J—Justice.  
K—Kindred Spirits.  
L—Law.  
M—Majesty.  
N—Nobility.  
O—Originality.  
P—Punctuality.  
Q—Quality.  
R—Reputation.  
S—Superiority, Success.  
T—Trials Overcome.  
U—Union.  
V—Virtue, Victory.  
W—Worth.  
X—X-ercise.  
Y—Youth.  
Z—Zeal.

## Normal Bells

---

Ding, dong, ding,  
On thy old steel sides, O bell!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that to thee I would tell.

Oh, well for the meal-time bells,  
That they summon us from our work;  
Oh, well for the recess bells,  
That the lessons we may shirk!

Oh, well for the nine-thirty bells,  
That call us from study deep;  
But oh, those beautiful rising-bells  
That call us from pleasant sleep!

Cling! Clang! Cling!  
And I wish that some way or how,  
Just for once in my life, I could get  
That bell-rope from Mr. Row.

# Loose Leaves from an Old Diary

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## Found in the Attic of the Matron's Building, March 17, 1912.

*October 2, 1895.*—It took so long to load the trunks at Cypress last night that the "tap" did not get here till 9 o'clock.

We had our first glimpse of the Normal to-day.

Last night Josie and I slept in a room with four "old girls." We felt awfully "blue" and forlorn, but they did not take any notice of us till they found we had a big basket of fruit; then they talked a little and ate a lot.

This morning a voice shouted, "Girls, have you heard Mimie yet?" "No," was the answer, "but it's time for her. The water's on." Josie and I looked at each other—who was Mimie? Soon a big bell began to ring "There she is! Mi-i-mie, girls! Come on! Hurry! Let's get a seat at Miss Lucy's table." The "old girls" rushed out and we followed. Later we found that old Aunt Mimie is the negro cook and "Mimie" is the girls' name for the bell that calls them to meals.

*October 3d.*—Our rooms were assigned to-day, and Josie and I have been busy moving in. We room in Cell No. 4, north dormitory, in the Convent Building. The dormitory is in what would be the attic of an ordinary house under the roof as it slopes down to the eaves. The Convent is so large that there is room in this loft-space for an aisle, with a row of six tiny rooms or cells on each side. They are about ten feet square and each is furnished with a double bed, two chairs, and a long shelf. There is a small unfinished space back of every cell, containing a wash-stand, a place for trunks, and some nails for hangers. It doesn't seem very "home-y" up here, but the "old girls" say it is lots better than the big eight-girl rooms on the second floor. The cells are really little pens, as the walls are only about eight feet high, with the great space open above them all.

To-night we felt very "blue" and home-sick. I believe Josie would have had a good cry, but just as she was putting her bangs up in curl-papers one of the girls slipped in to tell us that our neighbors opposite are very religious and always have prayers at night between bells. While we were talking we heard a noise above us, and, looking up, we saw a girl—a stranger from another floor—dancing along the top of the walls of the cells, for all the world like a circus-lady on a tight rope. She was dressed in a red Mother Hubbard and carried a blue parasol. She looked down into the cells as she passed above them, and as she reached out she cried, "Hello, new-ies! You're so green you hurt my eyes. How many tacks among —" But a low voice called warningly, "Run, Roberta! Miss Lewis is coming." The girl turned, slipped, lost her balance, and, with a frantic collapse of the blue parasol, came down ker-plunk in the middle of our bed. She scrambled out and was under the bed before we could say "Jack Robinson." Miss Lewis told us we were too noisy, and warned us not to disturb the religious service going on across the aisle. All the time she was talking we were afraid she would see the end of Roberta's red dress sticking out from under a corner of the bed; and we could



hear a monotonous voice droning, "Deliver me from mine enemies, O my God! Defend me from them that rise up against me." After the coast was clear, as Roberta crept out and slipped down stairs she said, "That scriptural reading shore hit the head for her and it was answered plumb to her satisfaction." She is very jolly. Josie and I like her lots."

The Normal isn't so bad.

*October 9th.*—I just *can't* stand it here for eight long months! There is a jam and a buzz and a noise everywhere. The crowd is terrible. Think of it—there are six tables and *eighty-five* girls in one dining-room, all eating and talking at once. I never saw such a crowd. I had no idea the School was so large. It is just as bad at school—one of my classes has twenty-seven in it, and I know I just *never, never, never* can learn French and Mrs. McVoy's Civil Government.

*October 20th.*—The Normal is certainly a beautiful place. The grounds were formerly part of a plantation and the Matron's Building was the family residence. After the nuns bought the property, they built the Convent Building in 1853 and opened their school. Our dormitory was used as the nuns' sleeping quarters, and the girls tell many stories of how they still roam around the buildings and grounds at night. During the Civil War the Convent was used as a hospital and the nuns nursed the soldiers. Besides these buildings, there are two others—the big new Hall Mr. Boyd has just completed and the Dining-room Building. Our favorite place for study is the old garden out in front of the Convent. It is beautiful, with tall trees, flowering shrubs, smaller flowers, soft, grassy banks, hammocks, benches, and swings. The Convent is a picture, with Virginia creeper all over its great square pillars, and the Matron's Building looks as if it were made especially for Mrs. Donoho. She is the loveliest woman I ever saw. She looks as I always imagined Queen Victoria does until I saw her picture. Mrs. Donoho's hair is snow-white and she wears it in queenly puffs on top of her head. She is always perfectly dressed, with a bit of old lace about her somewhere, and she has the air of an empress. Mr. Boyd is stern-looking and very erect, but he is awfully nice to the girls and they are crazy about him. We can't tell from his looks whether he is twenty-five or fifty, and some people call him "homely," but none of the girls will agree.

*May 11th.*—Some of us girls were talking in Mary's room to-night while the others were down at society. Edith began to tell about the Normal nun who roams about at night, and Lizzie got hysterical.

"Pshaw!" said Edith, "she won't hurt anybody. Lots of girls have seen her—generally on Saturday night. I got a glimpse of her black habit near Mr. Boyd's office when I went down to Mrs. Donoho for tooth-ache medicine the other night. She looks awful sad and just moans and mo-oans."

Edith's tone was sepulchral. The window rattled just as she uttered the last word and we all jumped. Lizzie cowered down by Mary and covered up her head.

"She had a lover over in France," continued Edith, "and he was guillotined before her very eyes. She carries his head about with her trying to find the body, which was cast into the Danube."

"Miss Laura ought to hear that, Edie. She'd give you such a fine mark in Geography that—"

"Never mind; it may have been the Rhine in southern France. Any way, when she finds it—"



The blind opened slowly, and there stood a nun moaning piteously. She had a round object in her hands and as she raised it I caught a fleeting glimpse of a red sleeve under her habit. "*Mon ami! Mon ami!*" she sobbed. We gazed a moment, and all ran screaming out of the room. Lizzie's eyes bulged out as if on stalks. As she turned she gave a blood-curdling whoop that would have put a Comanche brave to shame. Her foot caught in her skirt and she fell in a terrified heap. There was a stir on the stairs. "Mrs. Donoho, girls—run!" came a warning voice. Everybody got away but Lizzie, and she had to crawl to cover under Mary's bed. The space is small and Lizzie is not—she stuck and almost fainted. Mrs. Donoho came in, found no one, and started out, when Lizzie coughed chokingly.

"Oh, I'm dying! Please, Mrs. Donoho, help me out! I'm smothering! My hair is caught on this spring, and I'm wedged in here so tight I can't move. I'm nearly dead."

After considerable effort, Lizzie came out and so did the whole story. None of us will go to society next Saturday—we are under arrest. It's hard luck for all, but worst for the nun, as she has a special engagement with one who, like the French lover, has completely lost his head.

*December 9th.*—Birdie and I went down to "Sandwich" Smith's for the things for the feast to-night. We bought five-cent sardines, barrel pickles, and ham. Elma "swiped" enough sugar at lunch, and we made chocolate in Mercy's water-pitcher. An accident happened that almost broke up the fun. May got five gallons of syrup from home the other day, and while we were at dinner somehow the demijohn turned over, the syrup ran over everything, soaked through the floor, and dripped down on Clara's new plaid velvet waist on the bed down stairs. She was so mad she wouldn't come to the feast. We are afraid the waist is ruined, but Sissy, Clara's washwoman, says she can get it off, because she "has took off stains worser than that from plenty of white ladies' waistesses."

*April 1, 1896.*—The time we had getting to breakfast to-day! Fortunately, it is Saturday, so being late did not make any difference. We bounded out of bed at the last "Mimie" to dress and rush down. Not a shoe was found anywhere in the dormitories. Such an array of foot-wear as finally appeared in the dining-room! satin slippers, kid slippers, bed-room slippers, and rubbers—shoes of all colors, all stages of dilapidation, all conditions of previous servitude. An old worn-out traveler was mated with a shining new patent leather, and a down-at-the-heel gray worsted slumber-slipper marched in on the foot opposite a blue beaded satin pump that somehow had escaped confiscation. We set up a search, and finally found the missing ones in a vacant room in a great cone-like pile resembling Fujiyama. Each girl dug out her own. Nobody knows who took them, but Nora and Daisy were in our room after night bell last night, and *we* think they went away with something besides our promises to help "swipe" for the feast and bring our spoons and shoe-horns. Elma heard Uncle Clem tell Mrs. Donoho that he was chasing girls darting about the halls till long past midnight.

# Explanation of Expressions Used in Conversation

---

Sound affairs—Concerts.

Rulers of the waves—Ocean “liners.”

A railway strike—Tapping the car-wheels.

Breeches of trust—Trousers procured on credit.

The strongest “tied” in the affairs of man—Marriage.

The question of the age—How old are you?

A scratch race—Chickens.

Among the missing—Poor marksmen.

The latest thing out—Generally your last match.

---

It is no consolation to a patient suffering from a severe cold in the head to be told that colds always attack the weakest spot.

---

“If you don’t ‘work’ the Faculty, they’ll ‘work’ you”—  
That’s one saying that’s good and true;  
If you don’t dodge Mrs. Hawkins, she’ll catch you,  
Then, Lord have mercy! what will you do?







# The Opening of the New Dining-Room Building

---



IN the evening of Thursday, November —, 1911, the new Dining-room Building was opened to the Normal Club and its friends. The Faculty received very graciously the large and brilliant assembly.

At the close of the reception each class entertained with a short and amusing little comedy. The First Term "took off" a young Normal graduate's first day in a country school; the Second Term gave a "tacky" party, showing some unique and laughable costumes; the Third Term gave an old-time Virginia reel, to the amusement of the audience; the Fourth Term caricatured a mothers' meeting; the Fifth Term held a suffragette convention; the Sixth Term, a quilting bee; the Seventh Term had a country choir practice; the Ninth Term illustrated a suffragette divorce case, and the Tenth Term a suffragette wedding; the Eleventh Term prophesied what each member of their Class would be ten years hence.

Throughout the evening punch was served by quaint John Aldens and demure Priscillas. The beautiful building was effectively decorated in autumn leaves and green foliage. The Normal Orchestra furnished music, which contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening. The entire entertainment was voted a success, and was much enjoyed by all present.





## Agricola vs. Caesar

---

I saw her once before,  
As I passed by the door—  
    A little girl;  
The tears were in her eyes,  
And she pulled with absent sighs  
    A little curl.

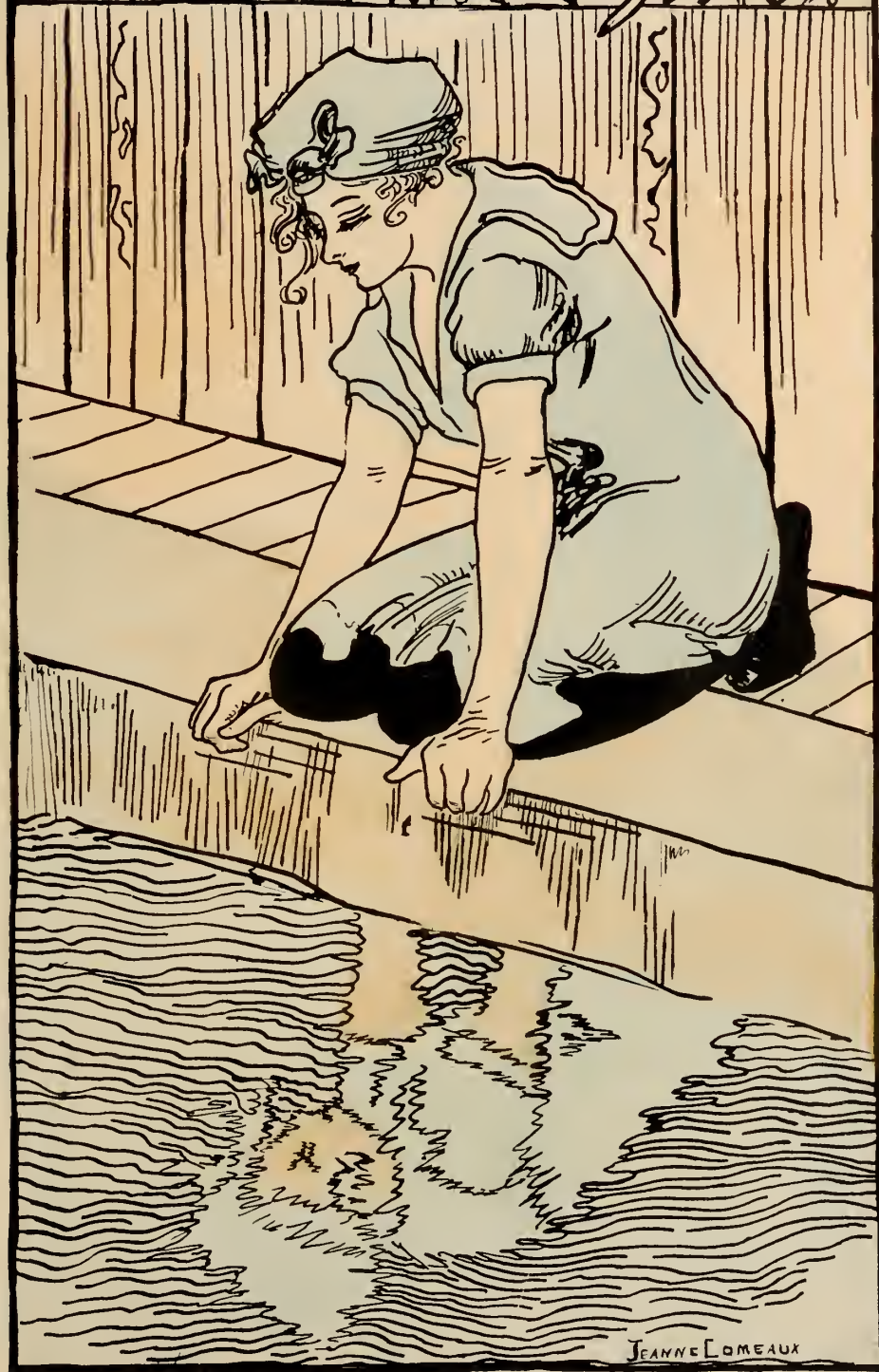
They say her grief was this:  
Latin bothered this poor<sub>—</sub>miss  
    Quite a bit;  
That she couldn't stand the stuff,  
And she simply couldn't bluff  
    Out of it.

But now she wears a smile,  
And she laughs once in a while—  
    Wonder why?  
And she drops those pretty eyes  
Till you wonder with surprise  
    Why so shy?

If the secret you would know,  
I will tell you, for 'tis so—  
    Cross my heart—  
That instead of Roman strife,  
She 's engaged in "rural life"  
    From the start.

She 'll teach country folks some day—  
So, at least, the teachers say.  
    "But do you?"  
If my opinion you would know,  
She 's ensnared a farmer beau,  
    And *it's* true.

# The Normal Mirror.



# Song of a Dozen Lies

---

TWELVE little Normal lies,  
All told again;  
Two were lost in a rush,  
Then there were \* \* \* \* \*

Ten little Normal lies  
Exercising late;  
Mr. Roy came along,  
Then there were \* \* \* \* \*

Eight little Normal lies  
Up to their tricks;  
The Matron squelched two,  
Then there were \* \* \* \* \*

Six little Normal lies  
Very much alive;  
Some teachers took notice,  
Then there were \* \* \* \* \*

Five little Normal lies  
With powers galore;  
One fell by the way,  
Then there were \* \* \* \* \*

Four little Normal lies  
Busy as could be;  
A crowd in the office—  
Then there were \* \* \* .

Three little Normal lies  
Of a lively hue;  
Club-meeting came,  
Then there were \* \* .

Two little Normal lies  
Couldn't be outdone;  
A detective on their track,  
Then there was \* .

One little Normal lie  
Pining for some more;  
Next day it had grown  
Fully to—fourscore!

## Et Tu Crowe

---

CROW—Seated with a copy of “Cæsar” before him.

MR. CROW (sleepily): “Cum esset Cæsar—Cæsar—in citeriore Gallia? ita—ita,” etc. (Head falls on book.)

[*Enter ghost of Cæsar. Crow stirs, stretches, and talks to the ghost in his sleep.*]

CROW: Great Cæsar’s ghost! What ’s that?

CÆSAR: Vocasne me?

CROW (aside): That sounds like Latin. Wonder who he is? (Aloud.) Talk English; this isn’t school. Why don’t you say something? (Becoming frightened.) Great Cæsar! Who are you, anyway?

CÆSAR Dixisti. Sum Cæsar quem omnis orbis terrarum maximum Romanum appellavit.

CROW: “Sum Cæsar”—wait a minute. Oh! that ’s easy—“I am Cæsar.” But say, you don’t mean it, do you? You are not the Cæsar who wrote this book? Where have you been all this time?

CÆSAR: In inferiore terra in hibernis.

CROW: Say, Mr. Cæsar, haven’t you two words wrong? You ought to know, since you wrote it.

CÆSAR (paying no attention to the remarks): Cum in inferiore terra essem crebri rumores ad me adferebantur litterisque item magistrorum certior fiebam omnes pueros puellasque contra meos commentarios coniurare equosque inter se dare.

CROW (somewhat excitedly). No, sir, no-sir-ee, Mr. Cæsar; I positively have no horse—honestly, I haven’t. (Wakes up and completes his night’s work.)

## A Change

---

Oh me! Oh my! Why can't there be  
A change in our old Faculty?  
'Tis the same old thing in the same old way—  
“A change! a change!” is the cry of the day.

The same old one in the same old place,  
The same old form, the same old face;  
“A change! a change!” this will be the sigh  
As long as that same Faculty is nigh.

I hate to call each, name by name,  
But they would willingly do me the same.  
The first on the list—Ahoy! ahoy!  
Quickly remove Mrs. Lizzie McVoy.

She bosses everything on this Hill;  
She fails, she passes, just at her will;  
She even bosses that “big” Mr. Roy—  
For goodness' sake, remove Mrs. McVoy!

Please take Mr. Stopher out of the School;  
It seems to me he 's not a good tool.  
He thinks he can sing any song without fail,  
But he only sings up and down the scale.

He 'll “fail” any girl who can not say  
“Do-ti-la-sol-fa-me-do-re.”  
So I think everyone will agree with me—  
Remove Brother Stopher from the Faculty.

Dear Mr. Bobbitt—Oh! who would take his place?  
To remove him would be an awful disgrace;  
But, as he is old-fashioned, take him away,  
Get an up-to-date fellow to suit this day.



Oh goodness! what about Ped-ago-gee  
If Miss Newell should be taken from the Faculty?  
But, since she thinks she knows every rule,  
Her removal would be a good thing for the School.

What could we do without Dr. Pool?  
His removal would be a loss to the School,  
But without him we would have no Chemistry,  
So take him, too, from the Faculty.

But our poor boys then would surely be crying  
For some one in Athletics; but there 's Mr. Ryan—  
That 's the *prettiest* man I ever did see;  
Keep him to beautify the old Faculty.

Since Latin is fast going out of style,  
Change Mr. South, just for a while.  
We love Mr. South, but he 's a queer man—  
Can't talk about anything but Cæsar and his van,

Æneid, and Virgil, and dear old Cicero,  
And about a dozen others that I don't know.  
Why, you 've got to know *amo, amas, amat*,  
Or he will "fail" you, right on the spot.

That 's all the Faculty that I don't adore—  
One yet: that 's Mabel Moore;  
But, since Mr. Pittman has already gone,  
She 'll be "trotting" before very long.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just about then the bell began to tap,  
And I awoke from my dreamy little nap,  
And, going to Assembly, oh! whom did I see?  
THAT SAME IDENTICAL OLD FACULTY!

# What I Am

---

## I.

I am the child of modern education, the essence of sisterly love, the symbol of mysticism.

## II.

I make strong relationships that last forever, and help to develop the life of altruism.

## III.

I am found in every gathering where women are assembled in the name of education.

## IV.

In prosperity, my voice rings out the triumph of my presence; in adversity, I fall only to rise and live again.

## V.

I am the tie that binds many hearts together.

## VI.

When I speak, millions listen: (1) Presidents, (2) Faculties, (3) Barbs.

## VII.

My diet is irregular and varied. I subsist chiefly on olives, secrecy, salad, and sandwiches.

### VIII.

I promote commerce. Tradesmen sue for my favor. I handle various materials: (1) pins, (2) brushes, (3) pine straw, (4) ink, (5) acids, (6) eggs, (7) syrup.

### IX.

I know not fear. Phantom shapes and skeletons are often in my company.

### X.

My favor, once it is bestowed, is never withdrawn. My family is large—only death can decrease its members.

### XI.

Parents generally disapprove of my habits. I am fond of luxury, I keep late hours, and promote extravagance.

### XII.

My tastes are ultra-conservative. Many court intimacy with me, but comparatively few achieve it.

### XIII.

At the Normal School my form is spiritual, not temporal. I am there the unbodied essence of what I was in life.

My name is

SORORITY.

# The Normalegy

---

The night-bell tolls the knell of parting day,  
The Faculty winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The athlete homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the girls to crackers and to tea.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the watchman winds his droning flight,  
And dismal sneezes give the sign of colds.

Save that from yonder mortar-mantled tower  
Miss Messerschmidt does to the boss complain  
Of such as, breathing near her sacred bower,  
Molests, her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath that roof, that tank-tower's shade,  
There snore the tired in many a weary heap;  
Each in her narrow cell serenely laid,  
The rude club-girls of the Normal sleep.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Hearts that to Cicero's highest flights aspire,  
Hands that the rod of class-room might have swayed  
And flogged to agony the "kids" who tire.

Some youthful McVoy that with dauntless breast  
The awful tyrant of her class has stood;  
Some mute, inglorious Stopher here may rest,  
Some Winstead, guiltless of his class' blood.

Full many a South, of smiling face serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of Fourth Term bear;  
Full many a Moore is born to preach unseen  
And waste her eloquence on the First-term air.

BRAY.

## A Normal Boy

---

He hangeth around the streets on Saturday and lieth around the soda fountains.

He hath great *knowledge*—of cigarettes and “cuss-words.”

He possesseth a suit of clothes turned up at the bottom about three inches above his shoe-tops. He displayeth a pair of noisy sox, with purple background and violets toward the front. He weareth tan Stetson shoes and a green tie.

The inside of his head resembles a pumpkin.

He falleth in love with a spindle-shanked girl with pink ribbons in her hair, and he craveth for an auto that he may ride her forth.

He thinketh work is sinful, and he scattereth his father’s money as a cyclone scattereth a rail fence.

He giveth no thought to his studies, but sitteth up at night and thinketh of girls and football.

He goeth to see Mr. Williamson’s pictures, and maketh himself at home by the side of his lady fair.

He considereth his father a “plodder” and his mother a “back number”; and pictureth to himself great riches suddenly acquired.

He dreameth of steam yachts and private cars, and he thinketh himself the “real stuff.”

He butteth in where he is not wanted.

When he quitteth school, he getteth a job in a grocery store in the country and maketh six bits a day.



# What Is Heaven?

---

There has been so much speculation about what Heaven is that it is time some definite information should be collected. The following are conceptions of Heaven held by prominent persons connected with the Normal School:



Mrs. McVoy's idea is that Heaven is a place where everyone uses perfect English and studies grammar continually.



Dolph Ducourneau thinks that Heaven is a place where he can manage a winning football team all the year round.

The consensus of opinion among the club-girls is that Heaven is a place where everybody has twenty-one square meals a week and can go down town every day.

Mr. Winstead thinks that everyone speaks Latin in Heaven and that Cicero gives a continuous oration there.



Mr. Stopher thinks that Heaven has a splendid opening for a brass band, and intends to organize one as soon as he arrives.

Norred and Phillips are of the opinion that Heaven is a vast baseball park and that games are played day and night.



Dora Ake and Houston don't know much about Heaven, but they feel sure that it is run on the plan of the S. A. K. Society.

## “Even As You and I”

---

A Normal boy sat in his chair and he thought,  
And he made up his mind that rules count for naught—  
“It’s really all right, just so you ’re not caught,”  
So he thought.

A Normal girl sat in her class and she thought,  
And she made up her mind that she wouldn’t be caught,  
For she wanted to stop doing things as she ought,  
So she thought.

The President sat in his chair and he thought,  
And he made up his mind that the boy should be caught  
And the girl made to do the things which she ought.  
So he thought.

The boy quickly found that plans count for naught—  
Horrid thought!  
And the girl quickly found all her fun dearly bought—  
She was caught!  
And the President found out the things which he sought,  
As he ought.



## When the Absurd Became the Real

---

THE MOONLIGHT streamed into Room 57 east, casting its weird light in a ghostly manner across the floor.

It was Lorna's first night at the Normal, and she was crouched up in a corner of bed preparing for a good cry, when in walked a white-clad figure, who spake in a solemn voice, "Arise ye, Lorna, and make ready for the prayers. Our devoted Sisters will assemble presently to join us in supplications."

The "Freshie" quickly wiped her eyes and slid from the bed just as many white-clad figures filed silently in one by one and draped themselves in an artistic manner about the room. When all were satisfactorily arranged, a deep voice rose from the corner.

Sister May: "O Lard, hear the prayer that Sister Belle has to say."

Sister Belle (in a quivering soprano voice): "O Lard, hear the prayer that Sister Callie has to say."

Sister Callie (in a voice tense with emotion): "O Lord—I feel it coming—hear the prayer that Sister Larnar has to say."

No response.

Lorna was looking on in wide-eyed amazement and wondering if the Normal kept up the religious customs of the old Convent.

Sister Almeda (from the depths of a sofa pillow): "Ah—men."

Sister Bones (in a soul-stirring voice): "O Lard, give Sister Lorna the power of speech."

Sister Almeda: "Ah—men."

From the corner where Sister Smitha, Sister Murphy, Sister Berwick, Sister Sharp, and Sister Odom were holding close consultation suppressed giggles issued at frequent intervals. The situation becoming too tense, Sister "Freshie" List threw up her hands, uttered a blood-curdling yell, jumped through the window, and tore for home as the stately figure of Mrs. Hawkins blocked the doorway.

*Then* there was need for *real* prayer.

Exceedingly  
Lengthy  
Sermonizers

---

Make  
Believers

---

Mighty  
Curious  
Codgers

---

Samples of  
All  
Kinds

Famous  
Ancient  
Combination  
Usurping  
Leisure and  
Time of  
Douth

A NOTED PERSON



A MUSICAL BODY

Time and  
Patience!

---

Late and  
No  
Wonder!

---

Very  
Slow and  
Pokey!

Linguists  
Surely  
Never

---

Language  
Somewhat  
Uncertain

---

Legitimate  
Injurers of  
Innocents

---

Somewhat  
Willing  
Leaders  
In  
Industry





# HERCULANEANS

## CLASS ROLL.

MABEL ADAIR.	CARRIE HAASE.	ANNIE MCCALL.
ANNA AERTKER.	HELEN HARANG.	MAGGIE MCINTOSH.
ROSE AERTKER.	EUNA HARPER.	MARGARET MURPHY.
LEOLA ALLBRITTON.	MAGGIE HOGAN.	RALPH O'QUINN.
ANNIE ARCHER.	JESSIE HOGAN.	LUCY PERRY.
ASUTIN H. BABIN.	JOYCE HOLMES.	JOSIE PRICE.
WOOD BREAZEALE.	MATHILDE HORNBERGER	EDWINA REIDHEIMER.
MABEL S. BRUPBACHER	INEZ JONES.	NATALIE ROULET.
CLARA BRIDWELL.	LEOTA JONES.	LEOLA RODGERS.
NELLIE CAUSEY.	MALINDA KOONCE.	ADELE SELLERS.
BESSIE CRAWFORD.	KATE LA COUR.	ALICE SHORT.
MAUD COLLINSWORTH.	ELEANOR LA COUR.	D. R. SIRMAN.
LEONA COX.	CECILE LANDREAUX.	EFFIE SMITH.
VIRGINIA DEJEAN.	INEZ LEWIS.	FLORENCE STUCKEY.
LOUISE ESTORYE.	LIZZIE MARIONNEAUX.	MACKIE TAYLOR.
REGINA EWING.	LIZZIE MARTIN.	ATSIE WALDRON.
ISABEL FOLSE.	RUTH MATTA.	IDA LOUISE WALLACE.
ETHEL GLAZE.	LELIA MCADAMS.	JULIA WHITE.
FLAVIA GLEASON.	WINONA MCCAFFERY.	MARY WILLIAMS.
MARGARET GIESEN.	LILLIAN MCCABE.	MARY WISE.



# What We Think of the Faculty

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## CHANGES WE WOULD MAKE.

Mr. Pittman should be President.

Mr. Ryan should teach writing—he prints so BEAUTIFULLY.

Mr. Hopper should be offered the chair of Latin; if he declined the honor, Mr. Hedges would be our next selection.

Mrs. McVoy should teach school administration and Pedagogy.

## WHAT THE FACULTY THINKS OF US.

Mr. Winstead loves us—misery always loves company.

Mrs. McVoy accepts us as necessary evils.

Mr. Ryan detests us, for we can not give the gist—nay, not even of the paragraph.

We decline to publish what Mr. Davis thinks. For further information, observe Chemistry.

Mr. South has caused us to perform that useless operation—smile.

Mr. Williamson believes we are excellent putty, except that we refuse to conform to the wishes of the Potter.

## THOSE WE WOULD DISMISS.

Mr. Davis and Mr. Roy, for misconduct in the Auditorium. Miss Messerschmidt, Miss D'Ery, and Mr. Stopher, for being so gloomy. We would also throw Miss Van Hoose's graphophone away.





# Fall Class of 1911

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## MOTTO.

*"In compacto est vis."*

---

## FLOWER.

Rose.

---

## COLORS.

Maroon and White.

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## CLASS OFFICERS.

A. H. BABIN,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>President.</i>
LEOTA JONES,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Secretary.</i>
WOOD BREAZEALE,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer.</i>
ETHEL GLAZE,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Historian.</i>
UNA HARPER,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Poet.</i>
REGINA EWING,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Artist</i>

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## Class History

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A dreamy poet, wandering along the sunny coast of southern Italy, noticed at some distance ahead of him a pile of refuse, which had seemingly been washed there from some shipwreck. When he drew nearer, his attention was attracted by a sadly soiled manuscript, which was rolled and securely tied with the tattered remains of two handsome pieces of ribbon—maroon and white. Becoming interested in this strange document, he opened it and found that it was a plan. This is what he read:

Teachers' aim: To teach—

1. Who the Herculeans were.
2. Their purpose in coming to Normal School.
3. The accomplishment of this purpose.

Child's aim: To see what the Herculeans did at the Normal School.



#### PREPARATION.

The most important fact that the Herculanians taught me in History was, that De Soto discovered America—1722.

They taught me many important things about English and American Literature, but the one fact which I remember best is, that Edgar Allen Poe is England's greatest poet to-day.

I remember only a few of the most important of this class of Herculanians and those are: Lucy Perry, Carrie Haase, Bessie Crawford, Alice Short, Euna Harper, Lizzie Martin, and Edwina Reidheimer, who taught me.

How much history did the Herculanians teach you in the Eighth Grade, Ned?

What did the Herculanians teach you in Literature in the High School, Helena?

What were the names of some of these Herculanians who instructed you so wisely?

#### PRESENTATION.

I remember four young men who were also Herculanians, and these were: Messrs. Babin, Breazeale, Sirmon and O'Quinn.

So deep were the springs of their wisdom that they saw in the Normal a stepping-stone to greater future possibilities. They had also heard of the beautiful young ladies who attended school there, and so great was their desire to gaze upon such paragons of feminine excellence that they immediately set out on their journey.

Among the most noted of these marvels were: Cecile Landreaux, Mary Williams, Josie Price, Mary Brupbacher, Joyce Holmes, Bessie Wise, Ruth Matta, Inez Lewis, Eleanor La Cour, Lillian McCabe, and Mathilde Hornberger.

They, with many others of this Class, were very desirous of becoming teachers in secluded rural districts, because in these places the charms of moving pictures were withheld, and money was easily saved with which to purchase trousseaus, of which they were most desirous.

Do you recall others of this Class who were in the Normal at this time?

Can you suggest a reason why such satellites as these young men should have come to the Normal School?

Give examples of these marvels of feminine excellence of whom you speak.

Why did these girls attend the Normal School?



This Class was composed of young ladies gifted with such artistic skill that for a time they threatened to become rivals of the noted Rosa Bonheur. Lizzie Marionneaux and Regina Ewing were the most noted of those gifted with such skill among the Herculaneans.

They, like the great satellites mentioned before, came hither to learn the gentle art of teaching, through which they were able to save an occasional penny, and as a result bestow themselves in sunny Italy and other parts of Europe to study under more proficient masters.

There were many who were equally brilliant; some whose wonderful voices threatened with utter dissolution the much-famed Schumann-Heink and Melba; there were others whose thundering voices surpassed the mighty Demosthenes and silver-tongued Cicero in eloquence and fluency of oratory.

I refer to the loud-voiced Winona McCaffery and the mellow-toned Melinda Koonce, and to the noted singers, Annie Archer, Margaret Murphy, and Virginia Dejean.

Margaret Giesen went to the Normal to prepare herself as a successor to Mrs. McVoy, while Jessie Hogan, Katie La Cour, and Maggie Hogan went there for the same purpose, but were outstripped in the race for Mrs. McVoy's position by Miss Giesen. Adèle Sellers went to the Normal hoping to improve the fashion and the society circles on Normal Hill, which she accomplished very readily. But as for Mackie Taylor, no one was ever able to decide why she went to the Normal.

Of what other personages was this Class composed?

Why did they choose to come to the Normal?

Were there no other equally brilliant people in this much-famed Class of Herculaneans?

To whom do you thus complimentarily refer?

It seems to me that I have heard of five maidens called Mackie Taylor, Margaret Geisen, Kate La Cour, Jessie Hogan, Maggie Hogan, and Adèle Sellers. Why did they go to the Normal?

In this Class, as in many other Classes who finished at the Normal, there were many who represented the true type of teachers, who bore the mark and brand which characterized them from all others. Among the most noted of these were: Nellie Causey, Helen Harang, Julia White, Leola Allbritton, Anna and Rose Aertker, Clara Bridwell, Leona Cox, Maude Collinsworth, Flavia Gleason, Isabel Folse, Louise Estarge, Leola Rogers, Atsie Waldron, and Maggie McIntosh, and numbers of others not mentioned elsewhere, who represented true and earnest workers.

Were there no representatives in this great Class who represented the true type of teachers?

#### GENERALIZATION.

There is but one word which will describe, yet express these many noted characteristics, and that one word stands out permanently above all others—HERCULANEANS.

Can you give one word which will embody all these many characteristics which you have mentioned?

#### COMPARISON.

Years and years ago there was a Class in the Normal which had many brilliant members. I can remember but a few who belonged to this Class, and those were: Demosthenes, Anselm, Roscillinus, Aristotle, Herbart, and Rousseau.

Was there ever so much brilliancy in another Class at the Normal?

#### APPLICATION.

Mabel Adair is going to teach music, Ida Wallace is going to teach Latin, Annie McCall is to teach elocution, Florence Stuckey is to teach drawing, and Natalie Reulet is to teach French. There are to be other members of the Faculty, but we cannot remember them, and, as they are not Herculanians, we do not know them.

What is one thing that is going to happen at the new school at Grand Ecore?





LOOKING EAST FROM THE LABORATORIES.



AT THE TRACK MEET, APRIL, 1911.



FROM THE TOP OF THE NORMAL TANK.

# Bobashelas

(Good Friends.)

## Winter Class of 1912



EDWIN L. McCLUNG, JR. . . . . S. A. K.  
Natchitoches, La.

President Bobashelas; Member of  
the Band.

"Here's the leader of them all,  
Though, in truth, he is quite small."



JOANNA PORTER. . . . . S. A. K.  
Natchitoches, La.

Vice-President Bobashelas; Member  
S. A. K. Quartette; Member of Glee  
Club.

"Engaged by Edison as a living  
talking machine; guaranteed never to  
run down."

---

MAE DUTTON. . . . .	<i>Secretary.</i>
CLARA C. GOODSON. . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>
ALMA WEIL. . . . .	<i>Class Poet.</i>
CORA MAUDE HENRY. . . . .	<i>-Class Historian.</i>
MARY BELL MURDOCK. . . . .	<i>Class Artist.</i>

### MOTTO.

"Out of School life into Life's school."

### CLASS FLOWER.

Forget-me-not.

### COLORS.

Olive Green and Blue.

### YELL.

Bobashelas! Bobashelas! Bow-wow-wow!  
Bobashelas! Bobashelas! Now, now, now!  
Are we good friends? Well, I guess!  
Bobashelas! Bobashelas! Yes, yes, yes!





BLANCHE COGNEVICH.....M. C. C.  
Nairn, La.  
Member of 'Varsity Basketball Team.  
"Neither too young to be bashful  
Nor too old to be careful."

CORINNE BIAGGINI.....M. C. C.  
Buras, La.  
Captain 'Varsity Basketball Team.  
"Of all athletic girls, both great and small,  
Corinne Biaggini beats them all."

GRACE HOELL.....E. L. S.  
Grosse Tete, La.  
"A good, reliable worker she;  
A learned girl she's known to be."

IDA MIRE.....E. L. S.  
Thibodaux, La.  
"She wanders on as in a dream—  
A pleasant one, too, it would seem."

FLORENCE LINDSEY.....S. A. K..  
Jacoby, La.  
" 'Little said is soonest mended,'  
She this motto has defended."

ANNIE SCHEEN.....E. L. S.  
Bienville, La.  
"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
As modest primrose peeps beneath the thorn."



JULIA ATKINS.....S. A. K.  
S. A. K. Fashion Leader.

Shreveport, La.

"And what's her chief delight?  
To dance and laugh, my lord."

KATE MURPHY.....S. A. K.

Lamourie, La.

"A bonnie lass and free from care;  
Her voice is sunshine anywhere."

HENRIETTA DAUTERIVE.....S. A. K.

New Iberia, La.

"Vain, oh! vain, and sweetly grave,  
She just can't make her eyes behave."

QUINTILLA MORGAN.....S. A. K.

Lafayette, La.

"A grave and reverend Senior she;  
Experience has shown what she will be."

AZALIE WEBB.....E. L. S.

Gayle, La.

"And she's not as bashful as she looks,  
This maid who cares not much for books."

ZOLA KEOUN.....M. C. C.

Plain Dealing, La.

"Unswerving perseverance, ambition, and loyalty  
are hers beyond a doubt."





PERLA ODOM.....S. A. K.

Baton Rouge, La.

"Gay and happy and sweet is she;  
A noble soul we know her to be."

CORA MAUDE HENRY.....S. A. K.

Natchitoches, La.

"A girl she is to all folks dear;  
For her success there is no fear."

FOSTER TEDDLIE.....S. A. K.

Montgomery, La.

Dread of the parliamentary.

"Wide trousers rolled up jauntily, a rakish college  
hat, and a peculiar bland expression, all contrive to make  
an extreme college sport."

MAE DUTTON.....E. L. S.

Seven Mile Ford, Va.

E. L. S. Editor and Critic.

"Modest and good, we love her so;  
Alas! that she so far should go,  
To strange lands which we do not know."

ROSA SEVIER.....S. A. K.

Newellton, La.

"A very gentle heart and a good conscience."

KATHERINE SMITH.....S. A. K.

Deltabridge, La.

"A girl that will succeed where'er she goes."

LAURENA JONES.....E. L. S.

Grand Cheniere, La.

"Music hath charms, and so hath Laurena."

MAE BROWN.....S. A. K.

Lecompte, La.

"Full of sparkle, dash, and go,  
She's a question-box we know."

MARY BELL MURDOCK.....S. A. K.

St. Joseph, La.

"Her face betokens all things dear and good,  
And in this case her face shows what it should."

EDNA SOULIER.....S. A. K.

St. Martinsville, La.

"To graduate is her only ambition, we are sorry  
to say."

EVA SCHEXNAYDER.....S. A. K.

Jeanerette, La.

"She makes us forget our troubles with her jolly  
talk and contagious laugh."

ALDA SPENCER.....S. A. K.

Hammond, La.

"She declares she will an old maid be,  
But we shall see what we shall see."





KATHERINE SCHEEN.....E. L. S.  
Bienville, La.

"She hath a lispng tongue to tell her tranquil  
thoughts."

ALINE ABADIE.....S. A. K.  
Abbeville, La.

"That she takes things easily we must agree."

ALMA WEIL.....S. A. K.  
Napoleonville, La.

"Her name, quite true, does sound quite wild;  
But she's gentle, sweet, and mild."

LEAH COMFORT.....S. A. K.  
Slidell, La.

"Her wide-awake and frank black eye  
Tells us all that Leah's not shy."

BEULAH CARTER.....M. C. C  
Franklinton, La.

"With those snappy black eyes  
She can't but be wise."

LELA WINFIELD.....E. L. S.  
Arcadia, La.

E. L. S. Editor.

"Of attributes fine she owns not a few—  
Our love and respect are only her due."



ELA DALE CARGILL.....S. A. K.

Colfax, La.

S. A. K. Critic, 1911-12.

"The dearest, fairest slip of a girl."

CLARA GOODSON.....S. A. K.

Monroe, La.

S. A. K. Vice-President, 1911-12.

"A jolly word, a pleasant smile—  
She has them ready all the while."

MYRTIE CLARK.....M. C. C.

Strong, Ark.

Critic and Secretary of M. C. C.

"Sober, bright, and industrious,  
A solid foundation is she to us."

HELEN ROW.....S. A. K.

St. Francisville, La.

"I lost my heart, but I don't care;  
I'm ready for you—scold, if you dare."





# The Siege of the Bobashelas

---



ON A CERTAIN DAY in December, 1911, there came to Natchitoches, an old town in Louisiana, a band of warriors, known as "Bobashelas." Chief Big Head led them, and they camped at the foot of Normal Hill. These warriors had heard that there existed in Natchitoches, in the hands of the white men, certain valuable papers, which, once in the possession of the Bobashelas, would give them a knowledge of the great wonders of the world, which they could then impart to others.

Each morning these warriors in a body attacked the big building on the Hill and planned the work for the day, and then they sallied forth to their labor.

Armed with literatures, while the day was young and they were fresh, they attacked their most formidable foe—a foe who knew so much about the art of fighting that they were often forced to retreat, feeling that they had accomplished very little.

Still undaunted, however, they hurried to a camp on the north side of the building and met a general, whose army consisted of school administrations, State codes, and note-books.

But at 11:25 the climax of the day's work was reached, for then the warriors were separated, and each was compelled to attack alone a small number of the enemy. Each one stationed himself at his place, and from twenty to forty-five minutes the battle raged. Often in the midst of the fight a general or two of the enemy would direct their united attack upon a single warrior, which so confused him that he often had to retreat in disgrace. When they assembled again, Big Head gave this order:

"Attack the big camp on the highest part of the Hill, for it contains material that will aid us in capturing the desired papers."

After this attack, the more daring scattered among the enemy, hoping to get some information from them. The day's siege being over, certain bands of warriors met a general of the enemy, and under a flag of truce discussed the issues of the campaign. In this way they fought for three months, and then a council of war was held, composed of the generals of the enemy. A truce was finally agreed upon: The papers would be delivered on a certain day in May, 1912, provided the warriors pledged themselves to work in the service of the enemy for nine months.

# The Tribe of Bobashela

---

They numbered thirty and seven  
In the Term Number Eleven,  
The "Noble Seniors," we them call,  
And some are large and some are small.

The first is very quiet and neat,  
This Abadie, so mild and sweet.  
There shall pass not many a week  
Before Atkins society's charm shall seek.

Biaginni ———, a great athlete,  
Will yet accomplish a wondrous feat;  
And Baker, as a ruling dame,  
Shall live to hear of her own fame.

Mae Brown was made for life and fun,  
She'll have enough ere her life's done.  
Our Cargill, young and shy and bright,  
Shall be a household's shining light.

While Carter, with an iron sway,  
Will rule a school some future day;  
Miss Carter shall dig some dim truth up  
And drink of knowledge's sweetest cup.

And Cognovich will fall in line  
With maids to marry, all sublime.  
Leah shall ever a Comfort be,  
Though she'll not long remain so free.

Dauterive, with her eyes so black,  
Shall never several lovers lack;  
And Dutton, in Virginian halls,  
Shall revel at the grandest balls.

With Goodson, who, on travel bent,  
At one time did a mansion rent;  
Cora Maude Henry, sweet and kind,  
Will, ere long, a husband find.

Of Hoell, who ne'er did brag aloud,  
We are more than merely proud.  
Laurena won't be "Miss Jones" long,  
But a charming "Mrs.," or I am wrong.

Miss Lindsey's to the country bound,  
Here she long since her work has found.  
McClung, an energetic "man,"  
Will ever do the best he can.

Ida is the good "Miss Mire,"  
Of this girl we'll never tire.  
Morgan entered our ranks late;  
A splendid teacher is her fate.

Murdock, an artist of greatest charm,  
Will ever cause our hearts to warm.  
Murphy, our dear young Irish friend,  
Will herself to society lend.

Odom, to a saint much kin,  
Will, before long, some true heart win.  
Peters the hardest heart will reach,  
She was never meant to teach.

And Porter, as a suffragette,  
(Excuse the slang) "will get there" yet.  
Miss Row will enjoy many a dance,  
She 'll go whenever she gets a chance.

Annie and Kate, who tall twins are,  
Each in a cozy home will star.  
"Shaky"—Eva is her name—  
Has fun in *any* kind of game.

Sevier, always steady and true,  
Will ever be the same—true blue.  
Smith, whom we all know as "Kate,"  
Will very soon find her life's mate.

Edna Soulier is not slow  
And where'er she goes she'll get a "show."  
Spencer is of gentle wit,  
In a Principal's chair she yet will set.

And Teddlie such knowledge shall acquire  
Of deanships he will never tire.  
Winnfield, working with a vim,  
Shall cause past deeds to seem real dim.

And Webb, as all of us do know,  
Soon into married life shall go.  
There's one whose name here is not;  
Do not think I have forgot.

Turn to the list, by and by,  
And you will find which one is I.

## That "Agri" Class

---

The 'Leventh Term, with heavy tread,  
Climbed up to "Agri" Class;  
The air was muchly laden with  
The breatherated gas.

The 'Leventh Term in straight rows sat,  
Some chairs but two legs had.  
The last row was the mourners' bench;  
The faces there were sad.

Miss Brown turned into a question-box,  
Miss Porter much did talk;  
But when they tried to farmers be  
Their brains began to balk.

The Seniors loved to sit and doze  
While in the "Agri" Class,  
But they weren't inattentive—no,  
'Cause then they wouldn't pass.

They loved to journey down the stairs  
To gardens nice and wet,  
'Cause on their feet, so nicely shod,  
Plantations they did get.

They loved to hear the tales of old  
Told by "Pap" Williamson,  
But when he told them to ask "Why?"  
Of questions they had none.

The 'Leventh Term of lazy mein  
Awoke one day to find,  
If Teddlie should a farmer be,  
The girls then would not mind.

The 'Leventh Term, with heavy tread,  
Climbed up to "Agri" Class;  
They represent a learned crowd,  
An eager, earnest mass.

## Class Song

---

The time is now approaching  
For us to say, "Good-bye."  
We've striven hard for our "sheepskins,"  
They've caused us many a sigh.  
We bequeath you practice-teaching  
And all our teachers too,  
And when we get out in the State,  
We'll sing this song to you:

### CHORUS.

"Take us back to Normal Hill  
And there O let us stay!  
Gladly we'll renounce all else,  
And work the livelong day;  
Practice-teaching we will do,  
And even plow the land.  
Take us back and let us hear  
That dear old Normal Band."

Our freezing days are over,  
Our rainy days are, too;  
Our children will not stay outdoors,  
As you have made us do.  
But all of this we will forgive  
When we are far away,  
And any day you'll listen  
This refrain you'll hear us say:

### CHORUS.



## Our Secret

---

We have a training teacher,  
Who is very nice and tall,  
And he has a way of "sitting,"  
And he "sits" upon us all.

He came here from Seattle,  
A city in the West,  
And he knows a lot of football,  
But especially how to "test."

And when we 're practice-teaching,  
If music we must play,  
We must surely get the rhythm  
And get it every day.

But we have learned a secret,  
And one that 's really true:  
We must make a good impression  
Or we never will get through.

So we have undertaken  
To be quite prim and neat,  
Always to wear our hair-nets  
And a smile that 's ever sweet.

And in this way we 're hoping,  
With the help of collars tall,  
To make that good impression  
And graduate—that 's all.



# Aviators

---

## Spring Class of 1912

### OFFICERS.

HAROLD ROGERS.....	<i>President.</i>
DORA B. AKE.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
GENEVIEVE SMITHA.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
SIDNEY DURAND.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
ALMEDA VAN HOOSE.....	<i>Poet.</i>
MABEL FLEMING.....	<i>Historian.</i>

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### MOTTO.

"Ever upward and onward."

---

### FLOWER.

Star Jessamine.

---

### COLORS.

Green and White.

---

### YELL.

Ever upward to our star;  
Be the distance near or far,  
We will get there just the same.  
Why, just listen to our name—

AVIATORS!



BERTHA SCOTT.....E. L. S.

Hope, La.

Tennis Club.

"Always a word of cheer and sympathy."

DELLA MCBRIDE.....M. C. C.

Jonesboro, La.

President of Y. W. C. A.; Basketball.

"Her modesty is her greatest charm."

BERTHA GANDY.....M. C. C.

Florien, La.

Tennis Club.

"Sober, sedate, and serious."

SARA GIRSHEFSKI.....E. L. S.

Dutchtown, La.

Tennis Club.

"I believe in woman's rights."

CLOTHILDE AUSTIN.....S. A. K.

Thibodaux, La.

Tennis Club.

"Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart."

FANNIE PHILLIPS.....E. L. S.

Baskin, La.

Tennis Club.

"Cheerily, merrily, I go on my way."

ALINE MARGUERITE COLVIN.....E. L. S.

Gibbsland, La.

Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club; Tennis Club.

"She knows the art of being kind."

SANDFORD KEY.....E. L. S.

Gibbsland, La.

"A veritable heart-smasher."

SADIE SMITH.....E. L. S.

Litroe, La.

Tennis Club.

'Never does things by halves."

ONA NABOURS.....M. C. C.

Many, La.

Y. W. C. A.; Tennis Club.

"On her fair brow resteth a crown of virtue."

WINNIE COCHRAN.....E. L. S.

Tallulah, La.

Tennis Club.

"Man shall bow down before me like the reed before the wind."

GRACE CHRISTIAN.....M. C. C.

Y. W. C. A.; Tennis Club.

"She knows the art of being kind."







ROSA TOWNS.....E. L. S.

Litroe, La.

Tennis Club.

"One on whom you can rely."

CHARLTON LOCKE.....S. A. K.

Bayou Goula, La.

Editor of S. A. K.; Tennis Club.

"A strong-minded woman, esteemed by all."

HAROLD C. ROGERS.....E. L. S.

Natchitoches, La.

President of Class; Captain of Second Football Team; Basketball; Track.

"Oh, that the world knew his true worth!"

HAZEL TROWBRIDGE SHARP.....S. A. K.

New Iberia, La.

Tennis Club.

"One of those small things at the Normal that count."

MABEL GENEVIEVE SMITHA.....S. A. K.

Tallulah, La.

Secretary of Class; Tennis Club; Glee Club.

"The queenly virtues of Juno, the beauty of Venus, and the wisdom of Minerva."

DORA BANKS AKE.....S. A. K.

Magnolia, Ark.

Editor-in-Chief of POTPOURRI; Vice-President of Class; Glee Club; S. A. K. Quartette; Critic of S. A. K.

"Music hath charms and so hath she."

ALMEDA SCORSE VAN HOOSE.....S. A. K.  
St. Joseph, La.

Tennis Club; Glee Club; Class Poet; Humorous  
Editor of POTPOURRI.

"Good as anybody, better than some."

GERTRUDE BISHOP.....M. C. C.  
Cinclare, La.

Tennis Club.

"Life is what we make it."

MAYES CRESWELL.....S. A. K.  
Opelousas, La.

Tennis Club.

"First aid to the needy."

LAUNA ARANT.....S. A. K.  
Monroe, La.

Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club; Tennis Club.

"It is like breaking home ties for her to say 'good-bye'  
to a mirror."

VIVIAN SMITH.....S. A. K.  
Natchitoches, La.

Tennis Club.

"Roll on, old World, and I'll roll with you."

BLANCHE BREDAS.....S. A. K.  
Natchitoches, La.

Tennis Club.

"A true woman in word and deed."





MABEL FLEMING . . . . . M. C. C.

Rayne, La.

Apostleship of Prayer; Ex-President of M. C. C.;  
Glee Club; 'Varsity Basketball Team.

"I aspire to greater things than love in a cottage."

IDA MAY CRAWFORD . . . . . S. A. K.

Winnfield, La.

Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club; Mandolin Club.

"To borrow is better than to go without."

NORBERT C. SHAVER . . . . . S. A. K.

Thibodaux, La.

Glee Club; S. A. K. Quartet.

"Would that I were a girl, pure, modest, and sweet."

VIRGINIA WATSON . . . . . S. A. K.

Slaughter, La.

Tennis Club.

"She prefers to learn the art of cooking."

ROSE VICE . . . . . E. L. S.

Morgan City, La.

Y. W. C. A.; Tennis Club.

"Weighed in the balance and not found wanting."

MARY MEDLOCK . . . . . E. L. S.

Alexandria, La.

Y. W. C. A.; Tennis Club.

"With God's help, we will win."

FANNIE PEARCE.....S. A. K.

Cheneyville, La.

Tennis Club.

"A maiden possessed of willing hands."

MAMIE KELLEY.....E. L. S.

Eunice, La.

Y. W. C. A.; Tennis Club.

"Gentleness is a virtue of womankind."

CARMEN HAYDEL.....E. L. S.

Taft, La.

Tennis Club.

"Never too busy to help others."

ALONZO H. PLUMMER.....M. C. C.

Natchitoches, La.

Football.

"He may some day grace the halls of fame, if he hurries just a little."

RUTH JONES.....S. A. K.

Tennis Club, Mer Rouge, La.

"Don't worry."

JESSIE POOLE.....E. L. S.

Bienville, La.

Tennis Club.

"Takes things always by the smooth handle."







SUE JOHNSON.....S. A. K.

Mansfield, La.

Tennis Club.

"Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you may die."

BEATRICE MAJOR.....S. A. K.

Hermitage, La.

Glee Club; Basketball; Apostleship of Prayer.

"A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest clouds."

ALLEN MELTON.....E. L. S.

Coushatta, La.

Glee Club; Band.

"Speak gently, if you speak at all."

MARCIA SCARBOROUGH.....S. A. K.

Natchitoches, La.

Tennis Club; Literary Editor of POTPOURRI.

" 'Sunshine' is her name."

ZEROLA WHITE.....E. L. S.

Clinton, La.

Tennis Club.

"Wit and wisdom flow from her tongue."

IMOGEN SCARBOROUGH.....S. A. K.

Natchitoches, La.

Tennis Club.

"Her soul is a fountain that bubbles with joy."



BEATRICE LE BLANC.....S. A. K.

Labadieville, La.

Tennis Club; Apostleship of Prayer.

"Happy am I."

EARLE HARGIS.....S. A. K.

Natchitoches, La.

Tennis Club.

"Modesty is an admirable thing in woman."

LUCY SEVIER.....S. A. K.

Tallulah, La.

Tennis Club.

"Plodding along the path to knowledge."

DORA COLLENS.....E. L. S.

Tennis Club.

"Happiness is golden."

HOWARD WINBARG.....E. L. S.

Natchitoches, La.

Football; Basketball; Track.

"I care not what I say."



# Experiment No. 11

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## Process by Which Freshies Became Graduates in the Aviators' Class

WHAT WE DID.	WHAT HAPPENED.	RESULTS AND CONCLUSION.
There is a beginning and an end to all things; this is proven by our present Class of 1912. In the summer of 1910 almost all of the material for our experiment entered the Normal as "Freshies." Great was the woe of these Aviators for the few days; but Mrs. McVoy, Mr. Williamson, and a few others soon began the experiment that kept us working faithfully and hard towards our goal. In the Fall Term, Physics and Latin were given to the material, and Dr. Poole and Mr. Winstead began to take part in the experiment. By this time it was in good working condition, and the scared, timid look of the material was gradually wearing away and being replaced by one of self-confidence. In quick succession, the Fifth and present Eighth Terms were added, with Cæsar, South writing and Observation taking part in the reaction.	At first there were many tears and heart-aches to accompany the woe that we poor "Freshies" felt. This was quickly displaced by the action of the reagents applied by Mrs. McVoy, Mr. Williamson, and others. A faint, almost imperceptible, change was noted in the material by its color turning from a vivid green to a slightly lighter hue. This continued to lighten until the Fourth Term was reached, where it quickly returned to its previous green color upon the addition of Physics and Latin. Some of the reagents worked well, and the reactions took place easily, but in many cases heat, in the shape of a failure for the first month, had to be added before the desired effect could be produced. At the end of every term the material was so improved in color that it was ready for the application of new substances.	From this experiment we conclude that the Aviators have survived the reaction of Cæsar, Herbart, McVoyism, Williamsonism, Davisism, Critic Teachers, and many others of our former teachers, and are now competent to go out into the State to impart their knowledge to the future citizens of our commonwealth. They have completed their sailing at the dear L. S. N. and will go into the State to sail for a short while before lighting in a nice little home that has been planned and prepared for them. The beginning has been made and the end at the Normal has been reached, but our final end in achievement is yet to come; when it is reached, let us leave behind us as brilliant and everlasting a record as we have left at the Normal.

#### WHAT WE DID—Continued.

Vows were made to become commanding teachers, like Miss Nelken; to be as sweet in our ways as Miss Levy; to love the children, like Miss Russell; and to be as quick as Miss Messerschmidt. These, with many others of our teachers' traits, were to make us competent practice - teachers in the next term. The experiment worked nicely until the Ninth Term was reached. In this term reagents were applied in the shape of model-school pupils. These reagents were skillfully managed and worked out by the majority, but to a few the reactions were so complex that they could not be solved. In like manner the Tenth and Eleventh Terms were added, and now we find that our experiment is not ended, but only just begun. We are Aviators, and have flown as high as the dear old Normal can guide us, but out in the State we have a larger area in which to sail, and the experiment will be continued, with the application of many reagents and reactions.

#### WHAT HAPPENED—Continued

The following reaction took place in the Fifth Term: Aviators + Latin + Literature + Trig + Manual Training + Singing = Aviators ready for Sixth or present Eighth Term. Aviators ready for the Eighth Term were given into the charge of Cæsar, Herbart, and many of their followers of to-day. A reaction took place immediately that many failed to solve. Besides the knowledge gained of children through a study of Herbart, power, wisdom, and a more thorough understanding of children was gained when Observation was added. This was tried by a test, which most of the material underwent very well. The same effect was produced by the test when applied in the Tenth and Eleventh Terms. Now the material has entirely lost its green color and has in its place a luster, growth, and merit that is easily detected in an Aviator. The superintendents of this experiment have pronounced them capable to go forth and perform their true work.

## Queries

---

Why does Launa Arant like handsome "Bonnetts"?

What makes Dora Akē use so much ink in the Auditorium while singing?

Why does Dora Collins like jolly boys? Because they are little Merri-men.

If you have never been entangled in a Mayes, you don't know Miss Creswell.

Some people think red heads don't mean bad tempers. Just call Mabel Flemming "Reddy."

What kin are Mary Madlock and A. L. Melton?

Why does Almeda admire Mr. Ryan?

Is Zerola White an Irishman or a Yankee?

Miss Sarah Girshefski, a maid who dwelt in a glorious mansion in the day of the Hooligans, had a beau who was a Christian. They were to be married by a great Bishop, but her mother, who was very Sevier, objected, and, lest Sarah should be disobedient, placed her under Locke and Key, which gave Miss Girshefski a great heart-Ake. To hold Miss Girshefski in such a Vice was cruel indeed, and so a very Sharp Plummer thought he would rescue the maid by attempting to Pearce! the Locke with a Rogers' knife. At last Miss Girshefski was brought out fainting and White to the lover waiting by the Poole beside the Mansion.



## Prophecy of Aviators

---

One time I chanced to take a trip  
Around this great big earth;  
I found my dear old classmates, who  
Still were full of mirth.

Dear old Dora was an actress sweet,  
"Gen" was a suffragette,  
And I found that Hazel had  
Become an old man's pet.

But most were still inclined to think  
That teaching, it was great,  
For Marcia, May, and Beatrice  
Were working in the State.

Our Charlton, Howard, and Imogen  
Were aviators gay;  
Sidney, Harold, and Clothilde  
Were married, I'm glad to say.

Allen, Winnie, and Vivian Smith,  
Also our Mayes Creswell,  
Had gone in business for themselves  
In quarters that were swell.

I saw Leonie and Gertrude  
Singing in the street;  
Eula, Mamie, and Rosa Towns  
Still try their fates to meet.

Lucy, Sue, and Virginia,  
Ruth Jones and Rosa Vice  
Were missionaries in the land  
Where all the folks eat rice.

The rest I had seen faintly,  
As I couldn't stop to see,  
For going round this big old earth  
Was rather hard on me.



# Flunked

---



LUNKED, flunked, flunked  
On m̄y Latin exams—oh gee!  
And I would that my tongue might utter  
The wrath that arises in me.

Oh, woe for the ivory-topped boy,  
That he wasted his time in play!  
Oh, woe for the Normal girl,  
That she stared at the boys all day!

And the stately girls go on  
To their haven up on the Hill;  
But oh for a whack at the Latin exam  
And a chance that teacher to kill!

Flunked, flunked, flunked  
On my Latin exam—oh gee!  
And another chance to pass that exam  
Will never come back to me.

LORD NINNYSON.



# Trojans

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## Summer Class of 1912

### OFFICERS.

ORA SCOTT.....	<i>President.</i>
CARRIE TERRIER.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
G. O. HOUSTON.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
EARL BREAUX.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
LETITIE PETRIE.....	<i>Historian.</i>
LOUISE MARSTON.....	<i>Artist.</i>
MARGARET STERLING.....	<i>Poet.</i>
L. A. CROW.....	<i>Jester.</i>

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### MOTTO.

"Never fail."

---

### COLORS.

Dark Red and White.

---

### FLOWER.

Morning Glory.

---

### YELL.

Zip! Bo! Dep!  
Zip! Bi! Dans!  
We are the Normal  
T-r-o-j-a-n-s!



THOMAS ELLENDER.....M. C. C.

Glee Club.

"Formed on the good old plan,  
A true, brave, and downright honest man."



EIFFEL MARIONNEAUX.....M. C. C.

Plaquemine, La.

"There is more in me than one would think."



LESSIE HOUSTON.....E. L. S.

Jonesboro, La.

"Facts are stubborn things."



ORA SCOTT.....S. A. K.

Natchitoches, La.

Member of 'Varsity Football Team, '10; Member of Basketball Team, 1911-12; Member of Band; Glee Club; President Class of Trojans, 1912; Member of S. A. K. Programme Committee.

"Sunny-tempered, and one of Nature's noblemen."



AUDIE HOLMES.....E. L. S.

Natchitoches, La.

"Before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"



KATE ARRINGTON.....M. C. C.

Alexandria, La.

Member of Star Basketball Team; Captain of Facts Basketball Team; Captain of Crescents Basketball Team.

"What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious treat."

VIDA KENNON.....E. L. S.

Duberly, La.

"She loves Pedagogy."

RUTH HUNT.....S. A. K.

Deerford, La.

"I pause for a reply."

EARL BREAU.....M. C. C.

Franklin, La.

President of M. C. C. (Spring Term); Winner of  
Three Medals in Tracks; Treasurer Ninth Term Class.

"Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise."

THERESA MAURE.....S. A. K.

St. Francisville, La.

Member of the Championship Tennis Doubles, 1912.

"In my work and in my fun  
I look out for number one."

MAGGIE DURRETT.....S. A. K.

Limsboro, La.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young  
dream."

LUCILLE GRAYSON.....M. C. C.

Winnsboro, La.

Treasurer of M. C. C.; Member of Star Basketball  
Squad.

"All human things of dearest value hang on slender  
strings."





MARJORIE B. ARBOUR.....S. A. K.

Baton Rouge, La.

Chairman of S. A. K. Programme Committee; Literary Editor of POTPOURRI; Member of S. A. K. Champion Tennis Team; Member of Rooters' Club.

"In the struggle for power or scramble for pelf,  
Let this be your motto: Rely on yourself."

MARGARET STIRLING.....S. A. K.

St. Francisville, La.

First Assistant Editor of POTPOURRI; Member of Rooters' Club; Class Poet.

"A worthy rival of Tennyson."

L. A. CROW.....E. L. S.

Natchitoches, La.

President of E. L. S. Literary Society (Fall Term); Secretary and Chairman of Executive Committee (Spring Term); "Big Hog"; Member of Band.

"Would that I were a Romeo."

LOUISE MARSTON.....E. L. S.

Coushatta, La.

Class Artist.

"Neatness—first, last, and always."

CARRIE TERRIER.....S. A. K.

Perry, La.

Vice-President of the Class of Trojans; Member of Y. W. C. A.

"Always a smile and a pleasant word for all."

LETITIA PETRIE.....S. A. K.

Monroe, La.

Tennis; Glee Club; Class Historian.

"A hard worker and a good student."



EUGENIA GARRETT.....M. C. C.

“Past and to come, seem best; things present, worst.”

GENEVIEVE WILLIAMS.....E. L. S.

Mansfield, La.

“Little of stature, but a mind of knowledge.”

W. H. GRAPPEY.....S. A. K.

Jeanerette, La.

“Better late than never.”

ELMA TEMPLET.....M. C. C.

Brusly, La.

“Be sure you are right, then go ahead.”

RUTH HOOD.....S. A. K.

Monroe, La.

Member of 'Varsity Basketball Team.

“The ‘Fats’ won.”

EMMA DAVIDSON (“Girlie”).....S. A. K.

Mer Rouge, La.

Member of Star Basketball Team.

“Life is joy and love is power.”





LILLIE MCCOY.....E. L. S.

Dubery, La.

"One of our bashful members."



LAURA LYNE.....E. L. S.

Dallas, Texas.

"Every man is old, but ——"



ROSA LEE KILPATRICK.....E. L. S.

Cadeville, La.

"I'll have him or die."



BLANCHE TREZEVANT.....S. A. K.

Evangeline, La.

"Some time, some time we'll understand."



STALEY TOOMBS.....M. C. C.

Bonita, La.

"I am not handsome, but I swear I have a distinguished look."



ALCENIA OGDEN.....E. L. S.

Mer Rouge, La.

"If you don't succeed at first, try, try again."

RUBIE MOSS.....E. L. S.

Winnfield, La.

“The world is not so bitter but her smile can make it sweet.”

CECILE GARDNER.....E. L. S.

Washington, La.

“When in doubt, keep quiet.”

ADOLPH DUCOURNAU.....E. L. S.

Natchitoches, La.

Captain of 'Varsity Football Team, 1911; Champion of Four-mile Race; Member of Track Team.

“Would that I had the power of choosing one fair maiden from the many.”

RUBY LEWIS.....S. A. K.

Lewiston, La.

Member of Tennis Club.”

“Her modesty is her greatest charm.”

SPENCER PHILLIPS.....S. A. K.

Glenmora, La.

President of S. A. K., 1911-12; Member of 'Varsity Football Team, 1911; Captain of 'Varsity Baseball Team, 1912; Secretary of Athletic Association, 1911-12; S. A. K. Debating Team.

“He has the wisdom of many, the wit of one.”

EDWIN ENLOE.....E. L. S.

Natchitoches, La.

“A smile and a cheerful word for all.”





NINA ALSTON.....M. C. C.

Lake Charles, La.

Member of Tennis Club; Chairman of Programme  
Committee M. C. C.

"Silent, but deep."

EVA DELL MOORE.....E. L. S.

Saline, La.

Member of Tennis Club.

"The world was not made in a minute."

G. O. HOUSTON.....S. A. K.

Sarepta, La.

Business Manager of POTPOURRI, 1911-12; Secretary of Class; President of S. A. K.; Member of S. A. K. Debating Team; Member of Band; Member of Glee Club.

"Monarch of all I survey."

ARA BELL.....S. A. K.

Epney, La.

Member of Tennis Club.

"Each good word or action moves the darker world  
nearer to the sun."

W. L. COLVIN.....E. L. S.

Dubach, La.

Member of Baseball Team; Member of Band; Sergeant-at-Arms E. L. S.

"A natural grind."

JULIA DALE.....E. L. S.

New Era, La.

Member of Tennis Club.

"Let the world have its way."



# History of the Trojans

---



HE WENT TO CLASS for a test in History of Education, and Marjorie Arbour "didn't know a blooming thing." "What do you know about Rousseau and the Naturalistic Tendency, Ruth? I'm sure Miss Newell's going to ask about it. Hurry and tell me quick; please, kid, 'cause I didn't study a bit last night; just sat up and talked all study-hour about the time when we'll be Eleventh-termers."

Knowledge gained on the spur of the moment is not usually of an enduring type. When the questions were put on the board all Marjorie had learned from Ruth about Rousseau had fled. She stared blankly at the following

questions:

1. Discuss the Naturalistic Tendency in Education from the following standpoints:
  - (a) Origin;
  - (b) Aim;
  - (c) Leaders;
  - (d) Method;
  - (e) Results.

"Do you understand the question, Miss Arbour? You had better hurry. You know you have only forty-five minutes."

"Oh! yes, Miss Newell. I was just trying to organize my subject-matter."

Marjorie's pen flew rapidly over the paper, but alas for the temporary set of her mind! This is what she wrote:

"During the latter part of September, 1911, a (lifeless) formalism prevailed in school life. A great movement, known as the 'Enlightenment,' led by Mr. Roy and his disciples—the Faculty—sprang up. The aim of this movement was to liberate the student-body from terrorism of the Faculty by making the higher Terms entertain on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the Auditorium. As a direct outgrowth of this movement many classes were organized, the most famous of which was one known as "The Trojans." Mr. Roy was made the leader of the entertainment on account of his brilliant intellectual power and far-reaching rationalism. Ora Scott led the second, because of his deep emotionalism and materialistic views.

"The aim of this Trojan school was to develop faith in its principles, infuse a new spirit into Normal life, and continue the steadfast search after justice. It also aspired toward the improvement of Earl Breaux's English, Ruth Hunt's Latin, Boyd Frey's grammar, and Staley Toombs' teaching.

"Under the guidance of its great leader, Ora Scott, many of its followers made their weight felt for their systematic method of teaching and general class standing. To John Adolphus Ducournau belongs the honor of having introduced a new method of teaching into the Seventh Grade. Lou Aubrey Crowe became the inspiration of those Latin students such as G. O. Houston, Kate Arrington, Lucille



Grayson, and Laura Lyne, all of whom reduced his vagaries to intelligent answers for Mr. Winstead. To this same school belong William H. Trappey and Carrie Terrier, whom we find laying the foundation for the grammatical tendency in modern education.

"The Trojan school advocates a method of instruction known as 'negative education,' which Margaret Stirling sets forth in the following able way:

" 'We should not be made to study, but should use sense-perception—that is, common sense—and trust to luck for the rest. Mr. Roy should not make us attend church, as our moral nature is not developed until we get a diploma from the Normal School. Hitherto our body, sense, and brain have been formed, but now our hearts should receive some attention.' "

"There's the oil-mill whistle, Class. Only ten minutes more," announced Miss Newell.

Desperately Marjorie came to the last topic, "Results."

"The only visible results at present of this Trojan school are: First, a few more gray hairs appear in Mr. Winstead's head; second, Mr. Ryan's figure has become stooped and bent from observation of Lillie McCoy's and Eiffel Marionneaux's teaching, and Mrs. McVoy is too disgusted and sick to even 'sit' on Mr. Crowe. However, so profound an influence cannot make itself felt immediately. When the individual talents of each member of the Trojan school are examined and weighed, then shall its true influence be felt—an influence that will affect not only life on Normal Hill, but the entire State of Louisiana."

Here the bell sounded, and Marjorie had to hand in her paper.

"Well, Marjorie," said Miss Newell, when all the papers were in, "what did you do on your test?"

"Oh, Miss Newell, I just did splendidly! I could write on the Naturalistic Tendency all day."

Miss Newell, correcting papers at 12 o'clock that night, said: "What in the world is Marjorie Arbour talking about? She seems to have confused her class, 'The Trojans,' with the Naturalistic Tendency in some way. That class has made a wonderful record, and I don't blame her for being proud of it. She meant well, though, and her English is so good I'll have to give her a 'pass' on it."



# The Battles of the Trojans

---



E started in the Eighth Term,  
Just eight short months ago,  
And how we reached the Tenth Term  
I'm sure you'd like to know.

Our Class was large and happy,  
And each in turn was bent  
On learning how to "trans'erate"  
And give an "argument."

And then there was the writing,  
It was so hard to do  
That often I have wondered  
Just how we all got through.

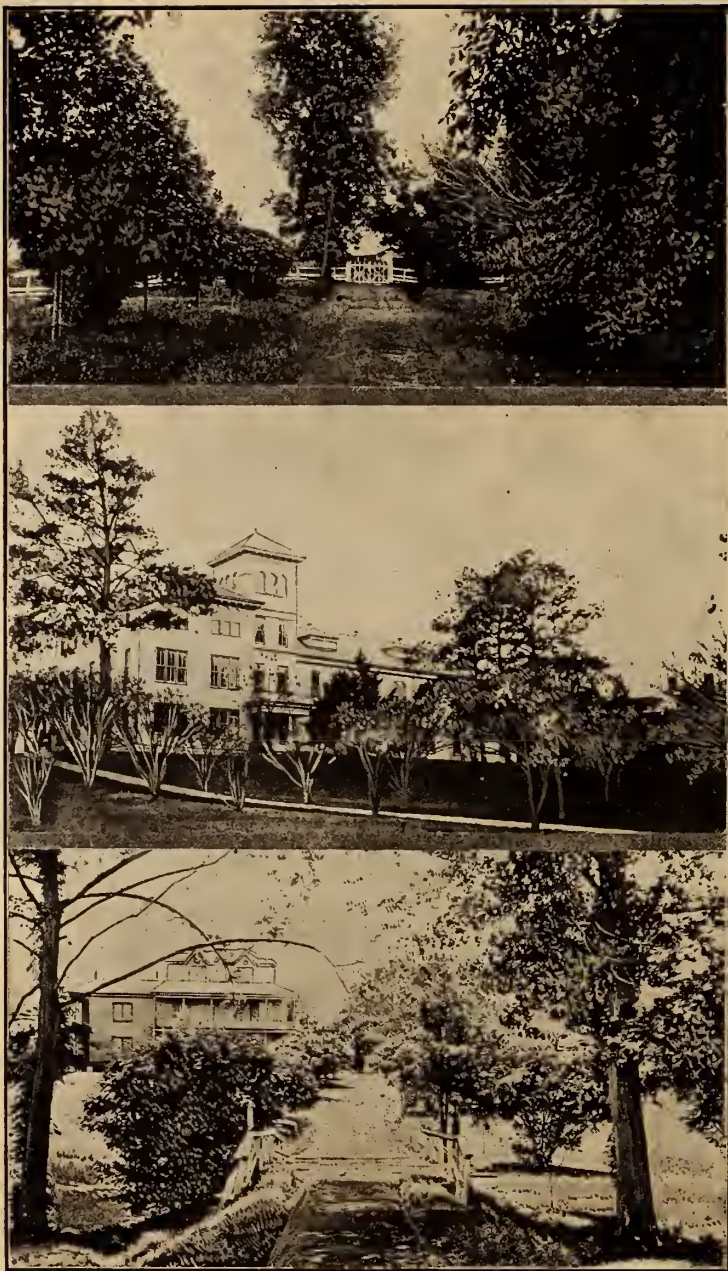
Psychology was easy,  
So was the Chemistry,  
And how we learned to write our plans  
Is very hard to see.

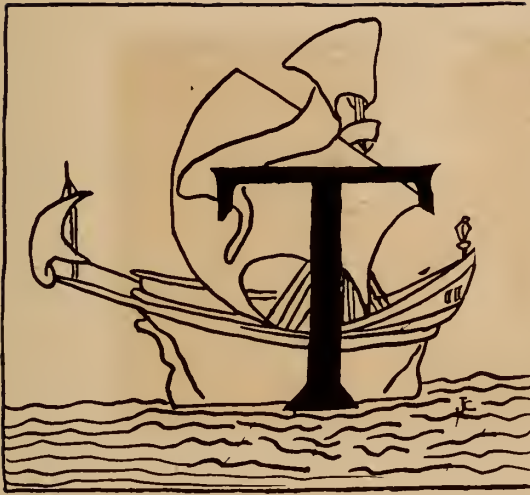
But soon this work was over,  
And my! but we felt fine  
When looking on our slips we saw,  
"Promoted—enter Nine."

The Ninth Term wasn't easy,  
And many nights were spent  
In thinking of the Eighth Term  
And praying for the Tenth.

But he who works will conquer,  
So through this term we sail,  
And soon will win the victory,  
Because we "never fail."







# Tribe of Dewey

Spring Class, 1912

## OFFICERS.

HAROLD KAFFIE . . . . . *President.*  
 AUDIE B. WILLIAMS . . . *V-President.*  
 MARIE BERTHELOT . . . . *Secretary.*  
 HARRY KRANSON . . . . . *Treasurer.*  
 GRACE W. BORDELON . . . *Historian.*  
 ANNIE LAURIE FIELD . . . . *Poet.*  
 JEANNE COMEAUX . . . . . *Artist.*  
 OSWALD MONTEGUT . . . . . *Jester.*

## MOTTO.

"Wisely and slow; they stumble who run fast."

## COLORS.

Red and Gold.

## FLOWER.

Nasturtium.

## YELL.

Hurrah! Hurrah! It's no pipe-dream,  
 Though hard to believe it may seem.  
 We, the Tribe of Dewey, are the leaders,  
 And when we enter anything, come out the beaters.  
 Hoist our colors, Red and Gold,  
 So by everyone they may be told.  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Tribe of Dewey!





# Class Roll

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Bailey, Fannie.  
Becnel, Maggie.  
Berthelot, Marie.  
Blackman, Vivien.  
Boggs, Mozelle.  
Bond, J. A.  
Bordelon, Grace W.  
Bourgeois, Eunice.  
Browne, Isabelle.  
Broussard, R. T.  
Burnham, Bessie.  
Caldwell, Eva Raye.  
Calhoun, Georgia.  
Callen, Gladys.  
Clement, Jeanne.  
Collins, Esma.  
Comeaux, Jeanne.  
Constantine, Louise.  
Decuir, Inez.

Danos, Jessie.  
De Rouen, Blanche.  
De Rouen, Ruby.  
Dey, Dora.  
Field, Annie Laurie.  
Flynn, Bernice.  
Flower, J. T.  
Harrell, Myrtle.  
Hickman, Lucille.  
Holmes, R. S.  
Humphries, J. R.  
Huson, May.  
Kaffie, Harold.  
Kennon, Sallie.  
Kranson, Harry.  
Ledet, Edna.  
Lee, E. A.  
Montegut, Oswald.  
McMillan, Viola.

Nabours, Florence.  
Norckauer, Helen.  
Phillips, Lillian.  
Reid, Maggie.  
Robertson, Percy.  
Shelton, Rosa Lèe.  
Sompayrac, Marie.  
Spencer, Ola.  
Sweeney, Mary.  
Tarleton, Bessie.  
Taylor, Louise.  
Todd, Ruth.  
Walker, Bessie.  
Walker, Katie.  
Williams, Audie B.  
Williams, Martha.  
Wintz, Mamie.









Kranson, do you solemnly vow  
To take Helène from this altar now,  
To be your future wedded wife  
And enjoy the luxuries of life?  
To you, as witnesses, Ruth, Jeanne,  
and Blanche, I commend  
This united pair for all time hence.  
Amen.



Says he to Bess:

"We may live without friends,  
We may live without books,  
But civilized man cannot  
Live without cooks."



TO VIVIEN.

Here's to the spinster,  
So lonely and good;  
For 'tis not her fault—  
She has done what she could.



TO HAROLD.

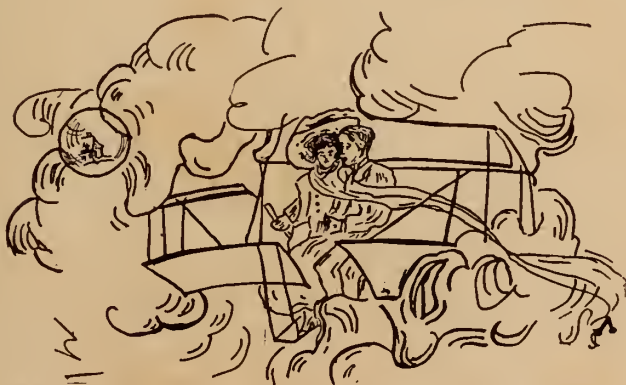
Here's to the bachelor,  
So jolly and gay;  
But 'tis not his fault—  
He was born that way



Superintendent Fowler, my sentiments I voice,  
As I stand before the Class of my choice,  
To wish you all well as through life we go,  
To bring peace and comfort to this world of woe.  
My heart feels a pang as I bid you adieu,  
And utter the words, "*Vale tu.*"

EDNA: "Mr. Humphries, I shall not your criticism bear; I shall do with my Class just as I care."

MR. HUMPHRIES: "My dear Miss Ledet, upon me you've 'sat'; my feelings for you are too tender for that."



Now, let me tell you a sad tale of woe:  
Rowena one morning to Shreveport did go;  
When she arrived "Pat" was waiting there,  
And away they flew to their castle in air.





# Die Glueckliche

## Winter Class of 1913.

### OFFICERS.

IRION NELKEN.....	<i>President.</i>
JOSIE PUGH.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
BELLE GRANARY.....	<i>Historian.</i>
ROE BROWNE.....	<i>Jester.</i>
MARGIE HAYS.....	<i>Poet.</i>
FLORENCE HAMILTON.....	<i>Artist.</i>

### MOTTO.

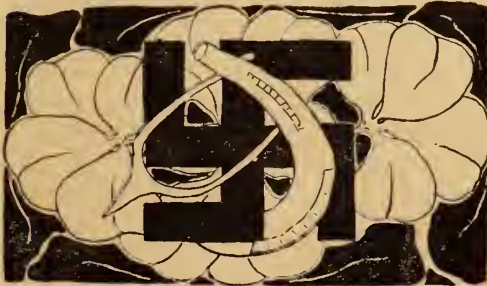
"Glück Auf."

### FLOWER.

Four-leaf Clover.

### COLORS.

Green and White.





# Class Roll

---

Corinne Aswell.  
Jerome Aydell.  
Lottie Bailey.  
Maude Baillio.  
Frank Barnes.  
Helen Baker.  
Dora Bell.  
Alice Bell.  
Maude Berwick.  
Clayton Bonnette.  
Hartwell Bordelon.  
Mary Brigante.  
Bessie Broussard.  
Roe Brown.  
Henry Cain.  
Frances Carr.  
Lucy Carr.  
Mary Carr.  
Bessie Carr.  
Lenore Caspari.  
Mabel Collins.  
Minnie Coon.  
Lou Couvillon.  
Aline Dezauche.  
Lizzie Dunkleman.  
Maxie Ewell.  
Etta Fargerson.  
Lenore Fuller.  
Earl Freeman.  
Myra Gallion.  
Amanda Gayer.  
Elise Geheux.  
Belle Granary.  
Elma Grant.  
Miriam Griffin.

Clara Guillot.  
Mabel Handy.  
Florence Hamilton.  
Marion Hargrove.  
Athene Harvey.  
Alice Hawkins.  
Margie Hays.  
Cora Lee Henry.  
Anna Henderson.  
Ella Hickman.  
Mary Hopkins.  
Annie Hornsby.  
Frances Howell.  
Maude Jackson.  
Virgie Johnson.  
Bessie Joyce.  
Jessie Kirby.  
Hannah Klaus.  
Loretta Kleb.  
Alicia La Fleur.  
Carmen Lasseigne.  
Lucy Le Blanc.  
Maria Le Blanc.  
Lucy Ledoux.  
Annie Levins.  
Lillian Flanders.  
Ada Mae Lilly.  
Nettie Lindsey.  
Ruth List.  
Ida Means.  
Lucretia Midyete.  
Elsie Monk.  
Jessie Lee Moody.  
Claude Murphy.  
Bunyan Nash.

Irion Nelken.  
E. D. Perkins.  
Emma Perry.  
Josie Pugh.  
Gilmer Reeves.  
Lucille Roach.  
Willie Roberts.  
Olivia Scott.  
Eva Smitherman.  
Iva Smitherman.  
Myrtle Sompayrac.  
Rosalind Stafford.  
Sadie Stanley.  
Naomi Steele.  
Ivy Tauzin.  
Lillian Thoede.  
Fletcher Teddlie.  
Wesley Wall Thom.  
Lottie Tomason.  
Isabelle Thompson.  
Alletta Thompson.  
Addie Tucker.  
Suzette Unter.  
Jeanne Webre.  
Cecile Weil.  
Jeannette Wemp.  
Aline White.  
Henri D. Williams.  
Leona Wilson.  
Carrie Wintz.  
Ethel Yancy.  
Ina Yancy.  
Emmet Young.  
Blanche Zeagler.



## Merry Maids of Normal

---



BREAKFAST-BELL sounds the knell of day,  
Ringing, ringing.  
Down we go to the shop of "Lay,"  
Mary, Molly, and I.

Three abreast on the sidewalk small,  
Crowded, crowded.  
Step right off, for we want it all,  
Mary, Molly, and I.

Oh, the boys that we give a wink!  
Flirting, flirting.  
Gee! there's V. L.; what'll he think?  
Mary, Molly, and I.

Time, Monday morning; place, office-door.  
Weeping, weeping.  
Please, we'll do it no, nevermore,  
Mary, Molly, and I.



# The Living Lyre

*(Published Only Under Compulsion by Winter Class of Nineteen-Thirteen.)*

## BOARD OF EDITORS.

Editor-in-Chief, "Beelzebub" Granary.

Associate Editor and Poet, "Pete" Hays.  
Social Staff, "Freshie" List and "Piggy" Hargrove.

Business Manager, President Irion Nelken.  
(Noted specially for minding others' business.)

## WANTED.

A patent smile to please Mr. South. Box 55.

A young man to "swipe" the rising-bell. Apply Club Girls.

## THRILLING RESCUE.

## SCOTT BECOMES HERO.

Bravery and Courage  
Not to Be Exceeded.

## NATCHITOCHES.

—While walking home from church Sunday with a young man, Miss Lou Couvillon spied in the distance the gigantic form of the terrible, awe-inspiring President Roy. Unable to flee because of

the skirts cruel Fashion had decreed for this year, she uttered a blood-curdling scream, and fainted in front of the magnificent store of Sam & Co., retail dealers in fruit and candy. Mr. Earl Breaux mistook the sidewalk for the race-track, and more than sprinted for home. Seeing this apparition so cruelly forsaken, Mr. Ora Scott dashed gallantly to the rescue. He bore the senseless girl quickly to the Keane Sanatorium. For this heroic deed, instead of the usual Carnegie medal, he was given the privilege of pounding brick in the Normal yard.

A book on "How to Grow Tall." Miss Helena Messerschmidt.

## FOR SALE.

My heart. Price, one Hershey.

Miss Shirley Sawyer received a box of Nunnally's from Mr. Paul Potts. Mr. Potts and Miss Alice Matta are not speaking.

## SOCIETY NEWS.

The amateur performance for the benefit of treating Mr. Nash's girl to ice cream at Levy's was much enjoyed. One of the most prominent features was a song entitled, "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder," by Mr. Frank Barnes, commonly called "Handsome." Mr. Thom danced an old-fashioned clip-clap. The surplus money was missing and afterwards was found to have been "swiped" by Mr. Marion Hargrove to have his shoes shined.

## FOR RENT.

One "Crush." Answers to the name of "Sadie Stanley." Price, several Hersheys and one "Peanut." Apply Mabel Handy.

Where's the little boy with his suit so green? He's out on the benches talking to Aline.

FOR SALE.—Favorite "Lillies." Florist, — Emmet Young, 23 Silence Avenue.



SCANDAL SUPPLEMENT.

Miss Annie Laurie Field has been engaged exclusively by the Scandal Club of L. S. N. to furnish all new sensations and material for gossip. This young lady is especially fitted for this position, having been educated in a convent and reared in an exclusive home. Her career at the Normal has been one of many thrilling events, and we feel sure she will eminently fill her position. We know our readers will look forward with interest to our next number, in which the first of her series of escapades will appear.

—  
“Everyone in this world is queer except me and thee, and sometimes I think thou art. And so forth and so on.”  
—H. L. M.

—  
WINKS AND SMILES.—  
Special. Guaranteed to please the girls.

Eva and Iva,  
Sisters so sweet,  
To tell them apart  
Is a difficult feat.

You call on Miss Iva,  
’Tis sure to be Eve;  
You question Miss Eva,  
’Tis Iva, you believe.

So this always happens;  
I think it’s a sin.  
Oh, the fearful misfortune  
To be one of a twin!

—  
[Special to THE LIVING LYRE.] — Daughter Hawkins on the war-path. Look out!

—  
Little Roe Brown, come,  
play your flute  
That the girls may listen  
and think you’re  
cute.

—  
FOUND. — On J. L. Moody’s shoulder, one long red hair, engraved with the initials “A. W.” Please call for it at the office.

LOST, STRAYED, OR  
STOLEN.

Clara Goodson’s cheerful smile. Please return and receive reward. Box 56.

—  
ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE. — One handsome blonde switch. Apply Mae Dutton.

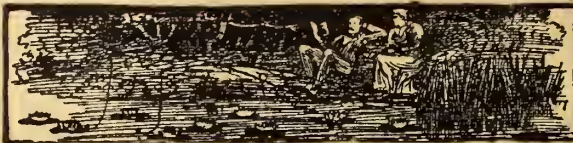
—  
WANTED. — A new brand of peroxide, guaranteed to make dark hair light. Annie Hornsby and Blanche Zeagler.

—  
“BONNETTS” FOR SALE.—See Lou Couvillion, Mary Brigante, and Elsie Monk.

—  
FOUND.

One gold shirtwaist; supposed to be one previously advertised for by Mr. Roy.

—  
LESSONS. — Fifty cents. F. Barnes, Girls’ Athletic Association, L. S. N.



## One or T'other

---



INE EARS here in the Normal School  
Have heard a wondrous tale:  
There is a class, as green as grass,  
They always pass or fail.

Their teachers think they know it all;  
'Tis told in verse and song,  
When they recite it gives delight;  
They 're always right or wrong.

The school-bell rings and rings and rings,  
It rings at half-past eight;  
Their conduct rare makes all folks stare;  
They 're always there or late.

And last, not least, outside of school  
(This stanza seems so sad),  
For *as* they could and *as* they should,  
They 're always good or bad.





EAST DORMITORY.

# Victors

---

## Spring Class of 1913

### OFFICERS.

PAUL POTTS.....	<i>President.</i>
A. T. BOND.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
ROSE SANDOZ.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
ATHLINE CONNELL.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
ONESIA BEADLE.....	<i>Historian.</i>
EMMIE GIDDENS.....	<i>Poet.</i>
SADIE BARLOW.....	<i>Artist.</i>
GERTIE MARIONNEAUX.....	<i>Jester.</i>

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### MOTTO.

*"Invictus."*

---

### COLRORS.

Black and Lavender.

---

### FLOWER.

Lilac.

---

### YELL.

Hip! Zoo! Razzle! Dazzle!  
Zip! Boom! Delve!  
Louisiana State Normal!  
Victors! Nineteen-twelve!



## CLASS ROLL.

Adams, Milton.  
 Allen, Helen.  
 Bankston, Eleanor.  
 Bankston, Lorena.  
 Bains, Emma.  
 Barlow, Sadie.  
 Beadle, Onesia.  
 Bird, Nettie.  
 Bond, Ambrose T.  
 Bonney, Willie.  
 Brooks, Blanche.  
 Canterbury, John.  
 Carter, Hardy.  
 Connell, Athline.  
 Dezendorf, Elizabeth.  
 Dugas, Nellie.  
 Englehardt, Barbara.

Ernest, Katie.  
 Gibbs, Willie.  
 Gibson, Lillian.  
 Giddens, Emmie.  
 Hair, Larcie.  
 Humphries, Myrtle.  
 Jackson, Christine.  
 Kimbrell, Lettie.  
 Kirtley, Hattie.  
 Klos, Helen.  
 Lawrason, Zelia.  
 Leonard, Hazel.  
 Locke, Belle.  
 Long, Callie.  
 Marionneaux, Gertie.  
 Nugent, Lola.  
 Potter, Allie.

Potts Paul M.  
 Pourcian, Eunice.  
 Prudhomme, Anita.  
 Rogers, Lucile.  
 Sandoz, Rose E.  
 Sawyer, Shirley.  
 Serpas, Hedwige.  
 Stinson, Mary.  
 Teddlie, Eddie.  
 Theriot, Leonie.  
 Tucker, Maude.  
 Varnado, Lizzie P.  
 Watson, Lena.  
 Weil, Blanche.  
 Wise, Clara.





# The Wine of Life

---

## I.

Three cups did Fate before me set and bade me choose;  
One I might drink, the other two refuse.  
Knowledge filled the first—a rich wine, mellow and old;  
All hidden truths to me it would unfold.

Love was next—a wondrous blood-red wine, sweet to the lip;  
A cup which gay youth likes to sip.  
Power was last—a clear, white wine, sparkling and cold;  
All might desire the magic it did hold.

## II.

Chance is as the wind that blows,  
Better seize it, ere it goes;  
Life is greedy as can be,  
Give me one and I want three.

Fate, for once, did weakness show;  
“Take them all,” she said, “and go  
Use them as do teachers best,  
And you shall be richly blest.”

Forth I went and took with me  
Knowledge, love, and power— all three—  
And true happiness I find  
In using them for all mankind.

## Log of the Good Ship "Victor"

---



AFTER careful and elaborate preparation, the ship *Victor* set sail on December 4, 1911, from Port Palladian. At the hour of departure the weather was very inclement. The signs of storms aroused fear in the heart of every sailor; but the day following dawned clear and beautiful, and everyone was in the height of glee. At the sight of the beautiful weather our courage was so renewed that we determined to set out in search of the treasure that lay hidden back of the Rock held by the Crusaders, which is beyond the waters of Psychology, Solid Geometry, Latin, and French. By mutual agreement, the Crusaders are to relinquish this coveted land to us when we shall finally cast anchor there.

*January 2, 1912.*—Roll-call to-day announced the absence of Zelma Stevenson. Inquiry among the sailors developed the reason for it. Willie Bonney gave an explanation which thoroughly justified Zelma's absence. Miss Carroll remarked that she had not imagined that the study of Tennyson's "The Gardener's Daughter" would take effect on any member of the Class so soon.

*January 15th.*—Miss Messerschmidt to-day asked Paul Potter to define "emotion." He said he knew he had one—he could feel it, but he could not define it. Shirley Sawyer was requested to help Paul out of trouble, but she proved to be in the same condition that he was.

*January 24th.*—The wind was contrary to-day, and our bark was threatened with destruction as it began to sail through the untried waters of an unfamiliar archipelago. We encountered the promontories of Tetrahedron, Hexahedron, Octahedron, Dodecahedron, and Icosahedron. Many met with serious disaster; some fell overboard and were rescued with great difficulty, and no doubt we all should have suffered shipwreck had it not been for the sagacity and good judgment of our strong and courageous pilot, Mr. Hedges.

*February 8th.*—Emma Bains, in conversation with our mate, Mr. Guardia, this morning told him that a glacier was a large piece of ice floating in the water. Our mate was so displeased with her ignorance that some of the other sailors who



overheard the conversation thought, from the sudden frigidity of the atmosphere, that we were nearing the shores of Iceland, where icebergs are always seen. The change in the temperature, however, was caused entirely by the coolness of the mate, who found little excuse for Emma's lack of knowledge of the sea.

*February 16th.*—We stuck the belt of calms of to-day at 2:00 P. M. while floating on the Bay of Latin. The sails lay limp by the side of the vessel. There was not a breath of wind to stir them. Our captain, Mr. Winstead, urged every one of the sailors to do his best and no doubt they did, but, in spite of efforts on the part of the captain, as well as the sailors, the bark would not move.

*February 26th.*—We are still becalmed in the Bay of Latin.

*March 1st.*—With the exception of a few who left us at different ports along the way, our entire party landed to-day on the shore of the land formerly held by the Crusaders. Our voyage was rough, but there were many good days, and, with the careful management of our ship's officers, we completed the voyage safely, and now are determined to use all our strength in search of the hidden treasure.





NORMAL HALL.

# Palladians

---

## Summer Class of 1913

### OFFICERS.

CHARLES P. KNIGHT.....	<i>President.</i>
MALCOLM KAFFIE.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
ELLA HAASE.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
OSCAR P. BABIN.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
EDNA GRAYSON.....	<i>Class Historian.</i>
MARY POOLE.....	<i>Poet.</i>
MYRNA BARLOW.....	<i>Artist.</i>
W. H. BURNS.....	<i>Jester.</i>

---

MOTTO.  
Enjoy Life.

---

COLORS.  
White and Olive.

---

FLOWER.  
White Rose.

---

YELL.  
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!  
Zip! 'Rah! Boom!  
Palladians! Palladians!  
Give them room!





## CLASS ROLL.

Ane, Victoire.  
Babin, O. P.  
Bains, Annie.  
Barlow, Myrna.  
Bennett, Marie.  
Bernstein, Mamie.  
Burleigh, Marie.  
Burns, W. H.  
Calhoun, L. E.  
Callaway, Sidney.  
Cammack, J. E.  
Carmena, Mattie.  
Crawford, Eulalia.  
Davidson, Olive.  
Davis, Jimmie.  
Dutsch, Katie.

Gibson, Pearl.  
Gournay, Lela.  
Graham, Mary.  
Grayson, Edna.  
Gulley, Garland.  
Haase, Ella.  
Harkins, Alta.  
Himel, Aline.  
Kaffie, Malcolm.  
Kemp, Zula.  
Kemper, Lorna.  
Knight, Charles.  
Lisso, Mary.  
Meyer, Mamie.  
Plummer, Lee.  
Poole, Mary.

Reeves, Audena  
Richardson, Anna  
Rist, Lovie.  
Robert, Bessie.  
Rogers, Julia.  
Saucier, Corinne.  
Self, Emmie.  
Short, Florence.  
Smith, Lucie.  
Street, Pearl.  
Swann, Gladys.  
Thompson, Elizabeth.  
Wardlaw, O. C.  
White, Evelyn.



## The Palladian Prophecy

---



WHEN the fire had burned low and was casting shadows over the small room, I sat alone dreaming before the fire and watching the steam as it rose slowly from the tea-pot and hovered over it. As I looked, it gradually assumed a tangible form. In the distance appeared a battle-field, while roar of cannon could be heard, mingled with the cries of the wounded. By the bed of a dying soldier stood a Red Cross nurse—Zula Kemp.

As slowly and mysteriously as it came, the vision faded, only to assume another form. I could see one lady among a jostling crowd struggling with a suit-case, and I hurried to her side. I stepped back.

"Olive Davidson! Where on earth are you going?"

"To the Normal as a critic teacher," she replied, with a smile.

As this vision faded the steam seemed to change into other forms. The sun was slowly setting. A large house, standing on a small hill, was casting long shadows towards the east, when out of the door stepped a woman with a pan of bread in her hand

"Daughter! O Marie! Come, dear, it's time to feed the chickens."

Could it be? The tones were familiar. Oh! she has turned around. Yes, it is Marie, our dainty little Marie—a farmer's wife.

The next picture which appeared was a crowded senate chamber. The speaker was just going to speak. Everyone wore an air of cexpectancy. A tall man, with a statesman's calmness, rose to speak. He filled the hall with his eloquence, and I thought it fitting that the Hon. C. P. Knight should be the first to gain an entrance to that assembly.

This picture was succeeded by another. Before me I saw a very large poster, bearing the pictures of three beautiful women. They recalled a feeling of the past, so I read eagerly:

"To-night! The Three Greatest Singers of the World! One Dollar Admission. Come to Hear Mmes. Le Roy, Liebschen, and Patti the Second!"

But little did one guess that in those faces I saw three old classmates—Mary Annie, and Julia.

This picture faded, and before me rose a large grand-stand, which was already filled to overflowing. The exciting game had begun. It was the first time "The Professionals" had ever played in the city of Chicago. After an exciting game,

they won through the brilliant pitching of Mr. O. P. Babin and the home-run made by Mr. W. H. Burns.

Next, I saw a corner of a busy thoroughfare in New York, but above the dim of the street could be heard a voice calling lustily, "Peanuts! 'Ot peanuts! Five cents a sack!" The voice belonged to a man, while by his side a small, black-haired, merry-eyed woman sat, feeding a roasting-machine. He stopped and spoke tenderly to her. One could see that it had been only a short while since they had launched on the sea of matrimony together. Wishing to help them, I stepped up to buy some of the peanuts. The little woman gave a start. "Well, Edna, is this you?" I recognized her at once. "Evelyn White, you and ——?"

Following this, there appeared a beautiful vine-covered cottage—a veritable Paradise on earth. A light was shining in the library and the curtains were not drawn. I stopped, for such a sight as greeted my eyes is one which is not often seen. I saw a beautiful picture as the family sat around the table talking and reading. The wife rose and walked over to the window. When I saw her, I was a little surprised to see such a home belonging to—Ella Haase.

The scene was shifted to the busy commercial world. The interior of a bank grew before my eyes, and whom should I see but the smiling Macolm Kaffie sitting at the president's desk.

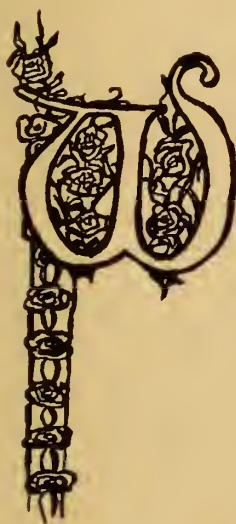
The smoke lifted, and the next sight which greeted me was an elegant brown-stone mansion, brilliantly illuminated. Beautiful women and carefully groomed men thronged the entrance. Inside was a scene of gaiety. What was it all for? I drew near an animated group and heard it whispered that this was the *débütantes'* ball, at which Miss Mary Poole was to make her *entrée* into New York society.

The vision faded slowly away, as had all the others. Above me I heard a whirring sound, then a crash, and an aeroplane fell to the earth. Lifting part of the wreck, I rescued a poor creature, unconscious after such a shock. Ah! here was a chance to aid the world-renowned aeronaut, Elizabeth Thompson.

The steam from the tea-pot slowly diminished until all had disappeared. I tried to recall the events of the evening; failing in this, I gathered up my knitting and my cat and went to join my cousin Florence.



## A Palladian's Prayer



E SEE the term draw to an end;  
Dear Lord, I sorely need a friend;  
I have no friend at all but You—  
I really don't know what to do.

I'm sure You know what Winstead told—  
Next year we'll read of Cæsar bold;  
Alas! I fear 'tis all a dream,  
'Cause he's on to my Latin scheme.

Then, too, there is Miss Vernado;  
If not to class on time I go,  
What she says I'm sure You 'll guess:  
"Didn't you know this isn't recess?"

Miss Newell said but yesterday,  
"I fear for those who 've gone astray."  
Should I be in that poor lost class,  
What would the outcome be? Alas!

Singing I thought was easy to pass,  
But now Stopher's found I'm in his class.  
I sing and sing, but no one knows  
What kind of a mark to the office goes.

Miss Messerschmidt took her little red book,  
And handed my notes with a very stern look.  
All through them I searched, but not an O. K.  
Lord, help me forget this terrible day!





# The Cycle of a Fifth Term Day

---



Now Time comes plucking at our sleeve,  
Who fain would linger on the school-lawn wide,  
Trying in vain to screw our courage up  
To cut the Drawing Class inside,

But chats have ends, and good times too;  
Cares ever after pleasures lurk;  
The clock strike's nine; the model 's up;  
And e'en the sloth now gets to work.

Scanning each line, searching each page,  
For satire, pathos, fun, or wit,  
The teacher drones the hour away  
That 's given to our class in Lit.



So, while the hero waves his club  
Or grabs the villains by the collars,  
I'm wondering if my folks this month  
Will send me more than twenty dollars.

And when this meditation cloys—  
The hero's sheathed his useful truncheon—  
I wonder what we'll have to-day,  
Soup or deviled ham for luncheon.

Now all inharmonies and discords reign;  
Our feelings blench;  
We struggle with our tongues, but all in vain;  
This is the moment of surpassing pain—  
Latin or French!



In this hour the King of Babel leads the strife,  
And all forlorn,  
Unheralded by gun or fife or drum,  
Strange, unheard-of words come upon the field of life  
Gasping, new-born.

Up with your voices, ye who sing  
 And ye who only bray;  
 Sing out, let not attention flag—  
 The marks go in to-day!



Sing out! Stop not one moment till  
 Your toil has won your grade;  
 Then take your ease behind your books,  
 Confident and unafraid.

### GEOMETRY.

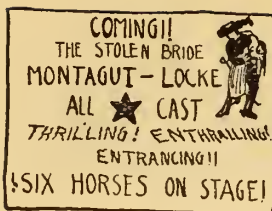
Theorem and corollary,  
 Figure, proof, and endless query  
 Reach far out for the unwary,  
 Lacking quite the saving notion,  
 With an easy, gliding motion,  
 How we shipwreck in proportion!  
 Then propped against the board  
 We stand, with empty brains  
 And smiles, to prove they hold  
 What none of them contains.



A last glance at this dreadful Physics lore—  
 These laws clatter through our minds pell-mell—  
 This bluff of looking wise 's an awful bore—

The bell!  
 At last!  
 The day is done—  
 The bell!





Dear Mother -

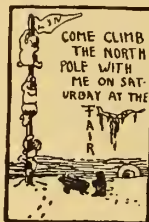
I am surely ashamed of myself for not writing to you for so long but I have been so busy with my studies I haven't had time to do anything. Dear, I went to the Normal Fair last night and had rather a nice time. I did not go to Sunday School or church to-day as you told me always to do, but after the strenuous week's study I feel like it would be an imposition upon myself to go to the exertions of dressing. Excuse the brevity of my letter, as I'm so busy,  
Affectionately, your daughter  
Ethel

Darling Dad -

I have sent you a check for \$10.00 as I took in the Fair last night and am glad to hear you had a gay time.  
Love, Dad

My dear Edith -

Well, as it is Sunday morning and I simply don't want to go to church I will answer your most letter second so long ago. Dear, you should have been here last night we had the grandest time! Went to the Normal Fair held in the old dining-room. In that room presented a different appearance from the way it looked three months ago when we gobbled down crackers and sweet potatoes. One end was curtained off and inside the space a theater was arranged with a real stage, so that a beauty show was held. The girls represented Helen of Troy, Chopatra, Martha Washington, Priscilla, the Gibson Girl, an English Riding Girl, a Spanish Dancer, a Normal Girl and the American Girl. I met the grandest man you ever saw (his name is Jack Prescott) he surely is cute. Asked me what I wanted upon the stage I told him I wanted to be the North Pole. It was a square was decorated in cotton batting and all punch and homemade well served the shell-cell. Here was wonder of mal' pills' was an old cow bell. By the letters written by your friends were the Manual Training, Domestic Science and Laboratory Department. Jack was awfully interested in these and asked me if I took keeping it is so cute. The cake booth was awfully pretty. The cake-booth color, blue and blue and their servants in Normal color and servants nearly disgraced myself by the number of sandwiches I ate. The Agricultural Department was nice. Showed some of the chickens raised up here, their food and the way to care for them properly. I had my picture told by the gaffer who had a tent near the door. One of them said I was going to marry soon and would marry a man with brown paper. Jack has a lovely brother ever a bit pantomimic of "Lochinvar" was given. I ask and I looked like Ellen when I told him he was the image of Lochinvar. On one side of the room was the curio shop where many dear relics of old Natchitoches were displayed. We certainly had a grand time. Dad, I know teaching is such a lot of trouble and I know you are lonely and feeling old. You should see my new dress. She is too cute, looks something like you, only prettier. I wish you could have been here with me last night for we had such a time with so much frolic up here I seldom have time to study or write but you must never miss my letters immediately. I hope this has cheered you up a bit.  
Love, Edith



# The Pioneers

---

## Fall Class of 1914

### CLASS OFFICERS.

TOM HARVEY .....	<i>President.</i>
MAUDE BABIN .....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
CLAUDIA BASCLE .....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
STELLA SEEGERs .....	<i>Poet.</i>
CLAUDE DUPREE .....	<i>Historian.</i>
ALLENE ALEXANDER .....	<i>Artist.</i>

---

### CLASS NAME.

Pioneers.

---

### EMBLEM.

Pine Cone.

---

### COLORS.

Green and Brown.

---

### MOTTO.

"Do or die."





### CLASS ROLL.

Allen, Mattie.  
Alexander, Allene.  
Anelin, Beatrice.  
Babin, Maude.  
Barrow, Anna.  
Bascle, Claudia.  
Berglund, Hildur.  
Boatner, D. S.  
Barcer, Judith.  
Clinton, Ora Belle.  
Coon, Exell.  
Cook, Emma Lee.  
Crawford, Mattie.  
Dean, Ruby.  
Durham, Sarah.  
Ducote, Henry.

Dupree, Claude.  
Eckart, Sallie.  
Ecker, Hetty.  
Frasier, Claribel.  
Foote, Carroll.  
Girod, Ruth.  
Gardner, Mildred  
Greneaux, Hubert.  
Harvey, Tom.  
Henry, Emma.  
Honeycutt, Ollie.  
Hurst, Olande.  
Kent, Daisy.  
Kennedy, Mary Lynn.  
Killen, Frederick.  
Loomis, Roby.

McCook, Walter.  
Minchen, Verna.  
Moffett, Harmo.  
Morris, Sadie Lou.  
Norwood, Eleanor.  
Overbey, Esther.  
Owen, Della.  
Pierce, Bertha.  
Seegers, Stella.  
Sicard, Daisy.  
Stockett, Isabel.  
Teddle, Frances.  
Whitman, Mildred.  
Worsham, Clifton.





# History of the Pioneers

---

It was in the spring of 1911 that we, the Fourth Term came to the Normal School. We studied hard, and made lasting impressions on our teachers while we were in the First Term. Then we passed into the Second, and were no longer called the "Baby Class," as we had begun by that time to take care of ourselves. The work in the Second was rather hard, but we, being a gritty little crew of co-workers, made it through all right. By this time we had come to the point where we called ourselves "The Normal's Old Stand-Bys." We took up the Th'rd Term all fresh and new, but we went to work in our usual manner, and it was not long before we were in our same old path to success. It was in this Class that we began to realize what work really was, as we had some subjects that were entirely new to us. We managed somehow to squeeze through the Third Term into the Fourth. Here is where we are now, just the jolliest little crowd in School, as we all feel sure of passing into the Fifth Term, where we expect to meet with you next.



## All Hail!

---

Hail to the Class that in triumph advances,  
Honored and blest be the evergreen Pine;  
Long may the tree on its banner that glances  
Flourish, of strength and endurance the sign.  
Teachers, never make it blue;  
Schoolmates, lend it strength anew,  
Proudly to win success, mighty to grow,  
Till every lad and lass  
Gives a yell to our Class—  
Pioneers! Pioneers! Yo-ho-ho!





## D'Ery

---

(To be sung to the tune of "Dearie.")

The world was so blithe and gay  
Till you came to Normal to stay;  
This Hill 's now no place for the dreamers of dreams,  
For we can't learn your French—it 's so hard, it seems.

We 've tried and we 've tried, but in vain;  
We got a big "FAIL" for our pain;  
We 're not from "Paree," that gay city of France—  
The fact that has led us so merry a dance.

### CHORUS.

My D'Ery! My D'Ery!  
Just out from France, with its styles and its ways,  
You 've caused us so many unhappy days.

My D'Ery! My D'Ery!  
We 'll do our best; let us come through your test,  
My D'Ery.

# Chanticleer

---

## Winter Class of 1914.

G. R. RUSSELL.....*President.*  
R. W. HAMILTON.....*Vice-President.*  
LILLIE WILSON.....*Secretary.*  
FRANK PENZ.....*Treasurer*

---

### CLASS FLOWER.

Black Prince Rose.

---

### CLASS COLOR.

Dark Red and Green.

---

### CLASS MOTTO.

"Character is success and there is no other."

---

### CLASS YELL.

'Rah! 'Rah-re!  
Who are we?  
Nineteen-fourteen!  
Yes sirree!  
We stand the test  
Better 'n the rest!  
'Rah! 'Rah-re!  
It's we! we! we!

## Class Roll

---

Allbritton, Susie.  
Allbritton, Clara.  
Annison, Mary.  
Annison, S. M.  
Barrow, Mary L.  
Barrow, Emily.  
Bessly, Ruth.  
Billon, Lil.  
Billon, Gertrude.  
Boggs, Stella.  
Breda, Rowena.  
Breda, Winona.  
Carroll, Lucile.  
Carter, Maude.  
Cook, Charlie Ross.  
Carley, R. A.  
Dampf, Fannie.

De Blieux, Earl.  
Edwards, Mattie.  
Emerson, Belle.  
Fleming, Mary.  
Futral, Gertrude.  
Hamilton, R. W.  
Hester, Earline.  
Hixon, Lela.  
Holland, Castle.  
Howerton, Irma.  
Hymel, Marie.  
Johnson, Flossie.  
Killen, Leon.  
Lewis, Annie Mae.  
Lindsey, Louise.  
Mary, Loretta.  
Langton, Minnie.

Moore, Jessie.  
Norred, James.  
Penz, Frank.  
Powner, Cornelia.  
Ragan, Lee Craig.  
Reid, Mabel.  
Roberts, Janie.  
Russell, Geeley.  
Sutton, Bertha.  
Shelton, Ruby.  
Stevens, Lillie.  
Turner, Mary.  
Van den Bosch, Louise.  
Voiers, Warren.  
Wade, Sallie.  
Wasson, Laura.  
Wilson (Mrs.), Lillie.









THE THIRD TERM, of mighty power, set out from Holland on a picnic, conveyed by two Barrows, marked by a De Blieux. We took with us Emerson, Russell, and Stevens that we might enlighten our minds while away. We also had Hamilton and a Cook. We had not gone far when we met a Cooper. We struck some Boggs, and had to Wade home by the aid of a Reid, but we got Dampf. Third-Termers all agree that we had a Killen trip, and will go never Moore.

MISS VARNADO: "Ruffin, get up and tell me all you know about the life of Cæsar."

RUFFIN: "Well, Caius Julius Cæsar was born in 1492. He was the greatest general the Mexicans ever had. He was the chief general in the battle of Waterloo, but was forced to fly when the terrible order of '*Sauve qui'l peut*!' was given. At the age of forty he conquered Peru, and robbed the treasury of the Iroquois by the shore of the beautiful lake which ought to bear his name, but which, by some great misfortune, was named 'Lake Champlain.' In 1776 the Continental Congress of China met in Philadelphia and made him commander-in-chief of the Colonial troops. On Easter eve, 1492, he crossed the Delaware and put to flight the Hessians and British, who were stationed at Trenton, a large and prosperous city in the heart of Darkest Africa. On July 4, 1776, he attempted to cross the Pacific Ocean in an aeroplane, but was wrecked in mid-ocean. He swam, however, to the Chinese shore, and was captured while crossing Thibet. After twenty years of imprisonment, he escaped. On his way home he got blood-poison by smoking a Havana cigar, and died before reaching Rome. Some historians say that he is buried on the summit of Mt. Everett, but Bailey does not mention it in his '*Principles of Agriculture*,' and Mr. Williamson seems to have forgotten."

---

MISS MOORE: "Can anyone in the class explain the meaning of the political term, 'a dark horse'?"

MR. HAMILTON: "I can; it's a horse that is between a dark red and a bay."

---

MR. STOPHER (pointing to his staff): "Annison, don't you see me there?"

MR. ANNISON: "No, sir, I don't."

---

Gertrude and Louise were looking at Dr. Kaffie's display of teeth, when Gertrude exclaimed:

"O Louise! when I shall need false teeth I want a set like this."

LOUISE: "Oh, hush! Don't you know it is impolite to pick your teeth on the street?"

**T**HE ROAD TO SUCCESS is not always an easy one to tread. If you keep a brave heart, you will find that the "Lions in the Way" are nothing but shadows after all, and that they will vanish at your approach. There are thorns—yes, and sharp stones and long hours of great fatigue along the road—but never mind these; renew your strength from the refreshing springs of hope that bubble up everywhere. Pull out the thorn, bind up the bruised foot, and "keep on." Patience and perseverance are two sturdy staffs—do not lose them. They will help you to break away through the thickest brambles. Tighten your grip on the magic staff and "keep on."



# Grammaticle Definitions Revised

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**ADJECTIVE.**—An adjective is a word that has three degrees of comparison, which are: positive, comparative, and superlative—*e. g.*, cold, colder, coldest.

**ADVERB.**—An adverb is something that shows how, when, or where. Mr. Merriman gave a milk demonstration at the fair grounds last fall. Mr. Merriman is an adverb, because he showed *how*.

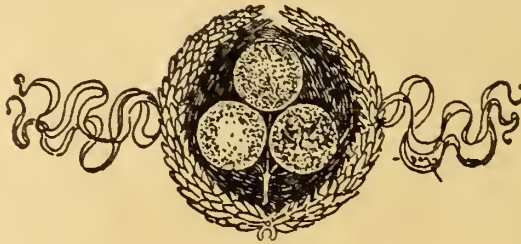
**INTERJECTION.**—From Latin *inter*, between, and *jacere*, to throw. So an interjection is a word thrown in between. Almost anything a husband says to his wife is an interjection. (Some men are so disagreeable, you know.)

**NOUN.**—A noun is a name, as “horse,” “hair,” “chair.” Who ever has seen a horse-hair chair has seen a noun.

**PREPOSITION.**—A preposition is a word that most people agree should not be used to end a sentence with.

**PRONOUN.**—A pronoun is something that stands for something else—*e. g.*, Mary milks the cow. Cow is a pronoun because she stands for Mary.

**VERB.**—A verb is a word that denotes action, being, or state. Every star in the Flag is a verb, because each one denotes a State.



# Excelsiors

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## Spring Class of 1914.

### OFFICERS.

GRACE ATKINS.....	<i>President.</i>
EFFIE BARGAS.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
GREVILLE EWING.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
DOROTHY VERNE.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
ALICE DYER.....	<i>Poet.</i>
BLANCHE HENRY.....	<i>Artist.</i>

---

### FLOWER.

Poinsettia.

---

### MOTTO.

"Climbing, still climbing."

---

### COLORS.

Red and White.





# Class Roll

---

Ruth Ogden.	Dorothy Verne.
Docie Foster.	Evelyn Kent.
Eunice Anderson.	Bessie Lorio.
Sudie Armistead.	Alice Marler.
Norma Arceneaux.	Ernie McCasland.
Grace Atkins.	Mattie Norman.
Mattie Baker.	Kate Palmer.
Effie Bargas.	Fleet Parker.
Olie Baugh.	Mary Reid.
John Bundrick.	Joseph Roge.
Clyde Carter.	Faye Sale.
Gladys Comeaux.	Everett Scarborough.
Julia Decuir.	Leo Sellers.
Alice Dyer.	Ellis Simmons.
Olie Dugas.	Claudia Stuart.
Greville Ewing.	Helen Walsh.
Carrie Hamiter.	Dora Welch.
Blanche Henry.	Janie Belle Young.
Vivian Julian.	Vera Young.
Owen Kemp.	Louise Boudreaux
	Homer Carter.





## Normal vs. Romance

---



HIN, insignificant-looking Mary, romantic child of practical parents, is sent to the Normal in a plain, every-day manner; but at fifteen what victims we are of our romantic imaginations! Who, hearing the creak of the turnstile and seeing plainly-clad Mary march up the China-tree avenue, could guess that My Lady, in trailing velvet, traversing an armor-hung ancestral hall, hears the grating of heavy iron chains and bolts as they fall into place upon the postern gate of a moated castle, shutting her away for ever from her true-love? As Mary meekly writes her name before the bloom-

ing Matron, who could know that My Lady stands sorrowful, yet haughty and commanding, before the stern jailor?

When Mary suffers the pangs of home-sickness in a commonplace room, what is there but the imagination of fifteen with magic art enough to divine that My Lady, in a turret-chamber, weeps for her lover; or, when Mary lunches substantially on cheese and sausages, why My Lady is condemned to sup frugally on bread and water?

Alas for the absent lover of My Lady! Mary goes to classes and the teacher of one of these classes is a man, far from young and decidedly not handsome—but lo! a troubadour, with ringleted head (most assuredly, without a bald spot) and brave attire, seeks admittance at the moated castle's gate. Away with the warrior who claimed My Lady's heart of old! Glittering sword and waving plumes of the fighter retreat before the velvet cloak and tuneful harp of the troubadour. Better than in the roaring battle's atmosphere, love flourishes in the gentle air of moonlight, rope ladders, and serenading melodies.

For a fortnight Mary sits forty-five minutes daily before a man of most unloverlike mein and has wholesome facts volleyed at her uncomprehending head. For a fortnight the troubadour, curly of head and poetic of language to an un conceivable degree, haunts My Lady's tower. At last, one day, Mary sits before the man who is neither young nor handsome, with her vacant stare fixed upon the window-framed landscape, while My Lady leans from the window, and the troubadour in the moonlit courtyard below, among the roses, beside the bubbling crystal fountain, ceases his passionate melody. As the notes float away, he kneels on one knee and sighs forth, with love-lorn gesture:

"Ah! my love ———"

"Miss Mary," thus the teacher, "please pay attention. You probably do not know that there is an 'F' against your name for every day this term."

Alas! what wintry wind withers My Lady's roses and freezes the water of the crystal fountain? What earthquake shatters the tower and swallows up the troubadour? The wind going sadly by outside the window seems to wail in Mary's listening ear: "No romance, no romance on Normal Hill."

# Jingles

---



HIS Class is so very slow,  
It does things at its ease,  
And if we graduate  
We will do it by degrees.

All of our Second Term girls are pretty,  
But I am forced to admit  
That if the boys should go to a circus,  
They assuredly would make a hit.

## THINGS WE DON'T DO.

We go to school on Sunday,  
To church the rest of the week;  
At night we go to field and park,  
Health and strength to seek.

We dine when we 're sleepy  
And walk when we 're tired;  
We sleep when we 're hungry,  
And stay here when we 're "fired."

## THE THINGS WE DO IN CLASS.

MR. WILLIAMSON: "Pay attention, Miss Dugas; you might accidentally learn something."

MR. WILLIAMSON: "Why has Miss Sellers stopped talking in Zoology?"

ANSWER: "Miss Dyer has talked so much lately that Miss Sellers has lost courage and has not said a word for a month."

HISTORY TEACHER: "Miss Welch, you may give us the next topic."

MISS WELCH: "Which one?"

TEACHER: "The second in to-day's lesson."

MISS WELCH: "I don't know it."

TEACHER: "Miss Welch, do you ever read your lesson?"

MISS WELCH: "Yes, ma'am."

TEACHER: "Do you get anything out of it when you read it?"

MISS WELCH: "I guess so."

TEACHER: "Miss Welch, have you given a recitation this month?"

MISS WELCH: "Once, I think."

MR. WILLIAMSON: "Has anyone seen a Lamellirostres since Friday?"

MISS VERNE: "Yes, sir; I saw one going to church Sunday."

## SOME ANSWERS GIVEN IN MISS MOORE'S CLASS.

History is the study of the different happenings of the nations before Christ. The three parts of a definition are genesis, the class-word, and the difference. "Prickly Papers" is Dickens' most famous work.

Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a picture of a little girl. He called it "Innocents Abroad."



## Knormal Knells

---

Daylight and the morning star,  
Alarm-clock rings for me.  
O Lord! I wish that darned old thing  
Was in the deep blue sea.

Noontime and the red-hot sun  
And lunch-bell's pleasant ring;  
Some syrup, bread, and water wait—  
And not another thing.

Twilight and the evening star,  
Another call for me;  
Plans, and Cæsar's Gallic war,  
A Physics test—Oh, gee!

Moonlight and the light-bell rings,  
And that last call for me,  
Which makes me leave all earthly woes,  
*Is welcomed heartily.*



# Ascendents

---

## Summer Class of 1914

### OFFICERS.

VIVIAN LONG . . . . .	<i>President.</i>
CECILE FORTIER . . . . .	<i>Vice-President.</i>
SARAH CADE . . . . .	<i>Secretary.</i>
EMMA CURTIS . . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>
MARGARET ECKER . . . . .	<i>Historian.</i>
ALYCE MATTA . . . . .	<i>Artist.</i>

---

### MOTTO.

*"Semper spatium in summo."*

---

### COLORS.

Purple and Gold.

---

### FLOWER.

Chrysanthemum.

---

### YELL.

Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We are the jolliest Class you ever saw;  
Onward, forward with a smile,  
We will be graduates after awhile.

### CLASS ROLL.

Annison, Lizzie.

Berard, Anna.

Caillet, Emily.

Cain, Pearl.

Ecker, Margaret.

Fortier, Cecile.

Hawkins, Emmett.

Hamm, Ettie.

Matta, Alyce.

O'Quinn, Charles.

Patterson, Stella.

Scott, Alma.

Vines, Emma.

Bryant, Mary.

Cade, Sarah.

Curtis, Emma.

Dugas, Arthur.

Folse, Julia.

Falgout, Mary.

Hawkins, Ethel

Long, Vivian.

Montz, Estelle.

O'Quinn, Lawrence.

Pertuit, Felicie.

Vial, Ella.

Vines, Lizzie.







# Rhymes



LITTLE PEARL, little Pearl, where have you been?"  
"Analyzing sentences to give to O'Quinn."  
"Little Pearl, little Pearl, what gave he you?"  
"All the Algebra problems that I could do."

There was a little girl  
Who wore a little curl,  
And everyone knew it was borrowed;  
It matched well at night  
And made a fair sight,  
But in the daylight it was horrid.

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To the Normal School one Sunday;  
Jill spent the day under arrest,  
Jack breaking bricks on Monday.

Arthur D—— and Emma C——  
Were walking out on Sunday;  
Says Arthur D—— to Emma C——,  
"To-morrow will be Monday."

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
Why do your salt tears flow?"  
"Pedagogues and broken sobs  
And big 'Fs' all in a row."

There was a boy in our class  
And he was monstrous "new";  
He stared at all the girls so hard  
Of 'Fs' he got a few,  
And when he saw his slip so full,  
With all his might and main  
He promptly "blessed his teachers out,"  
And got it full again.

TEACHER (to Miss Annison): "How do you like this School as a whole?"  
MISS ANNISON: "It is the worst hole I ever got into."

MR. WILLIAMSON: "Sit up, Miss Matta."

MISS MATTA: "O Mr. Williamson, I was talking business."

MR. WILLIAMSON: "So am I."

## Advice to Lovers

---

Emmett loved a little maid—  
This may be news to you—  
But everywhere that Ada went  
Emmett would go there, too.

Rowena was a pretty lass,  
"Pat" was her "steady" beau,  
And to the Auditorium  
Those two would always go.

Vivian was a stately maid,  
Loved by a boy named "Will,"  
And every day they stopped to talk  
Beneath "South's" window-sill.

"Red" Jackson came to Normal Hill,  
Where he was quite a dandy,  
And to sweet Maud on Christmas Day  
He sent five pounds of candy.

Paul and Shirley came to school  
And sat down by each other;  
There he whispered in her ear,  
"Regard me as your brother."

Humphries loved a little girl,  
Whose name was Fannie D—,—,  
And that he loved her very much  
Was plain enough to see.

Now, to a little chapel  
I chanced one day to go,  
And saw Letitia Petrie  
March up the aisle with G. O.

Lovers, every one of you,  
List to what I say:  
"It won't become a teacher  
To keep on in that way."



*"Line Little Soldiers"*



*"The First Floor Back"*



*"A Little Bird Told Me"*



*The High School*



*"Chunk er up"*

## The Model School

---



THE Model School is one of the essentials of the Normal. It is to the budding teacher what the laboratory is to the chemist, what the piano is to the musician, what the work-shop is to the inventor. Under the critical eye of efficient supervisors, the practice-teacher learns how to teach. Here she tries her experiments in discipline, and finds out by what method of culture to make the young idea to shoot and the

paper balls to cease to shoot.

It may be regarded from various points of view. The first, and perhaps the most important, is the practice-teacher's. She (most frequently it is *she*) looks upon it as a place of torture, where she is stretched upon the rack under the severe eye of a professor, gloated over by a long line of "dummies"—otherwise known as "observers"—and tortured by a few wiggling, staring, inattentive youngsters, who make up in clamor what they lack in numbers and knowledge.

Then there is the child's view. He is divided in his opinion as to whether it is a place for sport or serious endeavor—endeavor to "fail" the teacher. To those who observe, it appears as the door of a doom into which they are inevitably drifting. The mother's point of view is, that it is something which is always exacting fancy costumes of incomprehensible fashion for morning exercises and special days. In the father's eye it stands for a thing forever devouring nickels and dimes, yet never satisfied.

But the many who have survived the Model School, with its trials and difficulties, and are scattered over the State as members of the great Alumni—these fortunate people tell us that it is far better to sow one's pedagogic wild oats under a kindly and restraining hand—where one does not reap the entire harvest.



# Normal Student's Saturday Night

---

April showers fall wi' sunshine bright,  
The busy day is drawing to a close;  
The Normal girls prepare for Saturday night  
Wi' switches, curls, and many-colored bows;  
The toil-worn teacher frae his labor goes;  
This night the teacher's weekly moil is o'er,  
But the student must collect whate'er he knows  
And bring it to society to bore  
His poor long-suffering friends with things galore.

At length the President appears in view,  
With wooden gavel from an aged tree.  
The expectant members toddlin' stacker through—  
To get their credit, wi' flickterin' noise an' glee;  
The room wi' lights a-blinkin' bonnie,  
The decorations of the White and Gold,  
The choruses debating, and all else  
Are boring to them all, but it is told  
They care not; they'll make the credit needed much.



# LITERARY SOCIETIES

Peeling, Peeling, Peeling!  
Independence now and  
independence forever!!!!



## The Inter-State Debate

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For the purpose of fostering the proper society spirit and improving the art of debating, a triangular debate was arranged this year between the three literary societies, the M. C. C., the E. L. S., and the S. A. K. It fell to the lot of the S. A. K. and the E. L. S. to begin the series of debates. Preliminaries were held in the two societies, and Oswald Montegut and R. L. Holmes were chosen from the E. L. S., while G. O. Houston and Spencer Phillips were selected to represent the S. A. K. The subject of the first debate was:

*“Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States should be amended so as to give women the right of suffrage.”*

Lots were drawn for the choice of sides. The S. A. K. drew the affirmative side of the question, while the E. L. S. received the negative. Splendid argument was advanced by both sides, but the judges decided in favor of the S. A. K.

After the defeat of the E. L. S., the representatives of the S. A. K. proceeded against the M. C. C., which was represented by W. C. Freeman and J. E. Cammack. The question for debate was:

*“Resolved, That the protective tariff is an economic and commercial benefit to the people of the United States.”*

The S. A. K. again drew the affirmative side of the question. In spite of the convincing argument cited by the S. A. K., the M. C. C. was declared the victor and the series of debates was ended.

The purpose of the debating contests has been more than attained. Great interest and enthusiasm have been aroused among the three societies. Debating occupies an honorable place in the students' minds, and the winners are the pride of their societies. It is hoped that as a result of this debating the Normal will produce great speakers and thinkers—men who will equal Webster, Calhoun, and other great American orators. It is the desire of the Normal next year to increase her sphere of activity in this work by arranging inter-school debates with other institutions of the State, and in this way to arouse greater interest, enthusiasm, and love for the work.







## S. A. K.

---

S. A. K.,  
Born, they say,  
In 1890—  
Happy day.

Sought to know  
How to grow  
Broad as ocean,  
Pure as snow.

Cultured mind  
Always find  
Clean in morals,  
Social, kind.

Brains men grew,  
Women too,  
Convolutions  
Not a few.

Others came,  
Sought the same;  
Each has made himself  
A name.

Years have flown,  
Flowers have blown,  
Pigmies have  
To giants grown.

Phillips towers,  
Charlton soars,  
Houston resting  
On his oars.

Bright her day;  
Victory aye  
Marks the path  
Of S. A. K.







## S. A. K. Officers

---

SIDNEY DURAND.....	<i>President.</i>
ROE BROWNE.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
ROSALYN STAFFORD.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
NEWTON VOIERS .....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
DORA B. AKE.....	<i>Critic.</i>
CHARLTON LOCKE.....	<i>Editor.</i>
LILLIAN THOEDE.....	<i>Chorister.</i>

---

## S. A. K. Members

---

Abadie, Aline.	Callen, Gladys.	Granary, Belle.
Ake, Dora.	Cargill, Ella Dale.	Goodson, Clara.
Arbour, Marjorie.	Crawford, Ida May.	Geneux, Elise.
Aswell, Corinne.	Comfort, Leah.	Hickman, Lucille.
Atkins, Julia.	Constantine, Louise.	Hickman, Ella Gertrude.
Bailey, Fannie.	Carr, Lucy.	Hays, Margie.
Ballio, Maud.	Cain, Henry.	Hargis, Earle.
Baker, Helen.	Collins, Dora.	Houston, G. O.
Baker, Maggie.	Durrett, Maggie.	Harvey, Athene.
Bell, Ara.	Decuir, Inez.	Hornsby, Annie.
Bell, Dora.	Durand, S. J.	Handy, Mabel.
Barnes, F. A.	Diendorf, Alma.	Hamilton, Florence.
Blackman, Vivian.	Davidson, Emma May.	Hunt, Ruth.
Brown, Roe.	Dezauche, Aline.	Hood, Ruth.
Breda, Blanche.	Dauterive, Henrietta.	Henry, Cora Maude.
Bordelon, Grace.	Ewell, Maxie May.	Henry, Cora Lee.
Burnham, Bessie.	Earnest, Katie.	Henderson, Anna.
Becnel, Maggie.	Field, Annie Laurie.	Harrell, Myrtle.
Bordelon, Hartwell.	Flynn, Bennye.	Hopkins, Mary.
Broussard, Bessie.	Gardner, Cecilia.	Kirby, Jessie.
Bonney, Willie.	Gallion, Myra.	Klaus, Hannah.

Lilly, Ada May.  
 Le Blanc, Beatrice.  
 Le Blanc, Lucy.  
 Ledoux, Lucy.  
 Lasseign, Carmen.  
 Lindsey, Florence.  
 List, B.  
 Ledet, Edna.  
 La Fleur, Alicia.  
 Lawrason, Zelia.  
 Locke, Belle.  
 Locke, Charlton.  
 Midyett, Lucretia.  
 McClung, Edwin L., Jr.  
 Murdock, Mary Belle.  
 Mann, Theresa.  
 Morgan, Quintilla.  
 Major, Beatrice.  
 Nash, Bunyan.  
 Odom, Perla.  
 Perkins, E. D.

Pugh, Josie.  
 Phillips, Spencer.  
 Petrie, Letitia.  
 Pierce, Fannie.  
 Roberts, Willie.  
 Row, Helen.  
 Reeves, Gilmer.  
 Rogers, Lucille.  
 Smitha, Genevieve.  
 Stirling, Margaret.  
 Scott, Ora W.  
 Stanley, Sadie.  
 Shaver, Norbert.  
 Sevier, Rosa.  
 Sevier, Lucy.  
 Spencer, Alda.  
 Smith, Katherine.  
 Smitherman, Iva.  
 Smitherman, Eva.  
 Scarborough, Marcia.  
 Stafford, Rosalind.

Soulier, Edna.  
 Thompson, Mittie May.  
 Terrier, Carrie.  
 Trappey, Will.  
 Teddlie, Foster.  
 Tucker, Maude.  
 Tucker, Addie.  
 Todd, Ruth.  
 Thompson, Isabelle.  
 Van Hoose, Almeda.  
 Williams, Henri D.  
 Watson, Virginia.  
 Weil, Cecile.  
 Wilson, Leona.  
 White, Aline.  
 Wintz, Mamie.  
 Wintz, Carrie.  
 Webre, Jeanne.  
 Weil, Alma.  
 Young, Emmett.  
 Zeagler, Blanche.



# The Normal Bell

---



ALL NORMAL BOYS adore sweet Belle,  
Her beauty has no || .

Her winsome smile they find perfection;  
There's no one like her in this §.

Since she has lots of cold, hard cash,  
The boys for her all make a —.

And in a way they hope is bland  
Each seeks to ask her for her ¶.

Belle's scant desire to change her station  
She shows by a curt !.

Her numerous dates cause great congestion;  
Each risks a "Yes" unto his ?.

Should the household engine not roll on,  
Each swears he'll gladly put more ∴.

But Belle just gives her head a frisk—  
Each feels that he's been an \*.









# Eclectic Literary Society

## OFFICERS.

HAROLD KAFFIE.....	<i>President.</i>
ROSA TOWNS.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
ALINE COLVIN.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
LESSIE HOUSTON.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
MAY HUSON.....	<i>Critic.</i>
MAMIE KELLEY.....	<i>Editor.</i>
LILLIAN PHILLIPS.....	<i>Librarian.</i>
RUBY DE ROUEN.....	<i>Chorister.</i>
W. L. COLVIN, VIDA KENNON, BESSIE CARR, }	<i>Executive Committee.</i>

## ROLL.

Aydell, J. J.	Giddens, Emmie.	Mabours, Florence.
Beau, Leonie.	Girsheski, Sara.	Nelken, Irion.
BIRD, Nettie.	Grant, Elma.	Nelson, Ada.
Bonnette, C.	Hargrove, M. D.	Norchauer, Helène.
Bourgeois, Eunice.	Haydel, Carmen.	Nugent, Lola.
Bridwell, Eula.	Hedgpeth, Nonie.	Perry, Emma.
Brigante, Mary.	Hoell, Grace.	Phillips, Lillian.
Broussard, R. T.	Howell, Francis.	Poole, Jessie.
Carr, Bessie.	Holmes, Audie.	Reid, Maggie.
Carr, Mary.	Holmes, R. S.	Roach, Lucille.
Carter, H. V.	Houston, Lessie.	Rogers, H. C.
Caldwell, Eva.	Humphries, J. R.	Sandoz, Rose.
Clement, Jeanne.	Huson, May.	Sanford.
Collins, Esma.	Joyce, Bessie.	Scheen, Kate.
Covin, Aline.	Kaffie, Harold.	Scott, Bertha.
Covin, L.	Kelley, Mamie.	Smith, Sadie.
Connell, Athelene.	Kennon, Sallie.	Spencer, Ola.
Coon, Minnie.	Kennon, Vida.	Steele, Naomi.
Couvillion, Lou.	Key, Sanford.	Sweeney, Mary.
Crowe, L. A.	Kleb, Loretta.	Tarleton, Bessie.
Crowell, T. C.	Kranson, Harry.	Terris, Leonie.
Dale, Julia.	Killen, F. H.	Thomason, Lottie.
De Rouen, Blanche.	Levins, Annie.	Towns, Rosa.
De Rouen, Ruby.	Lyne, Laura.	Walker, Bessie.
Dey, Dora.	Medlock, Mary.	Walker, Katie.
Ducournau, J. A.	Melton, Allen.	Webb, Azalie.
Dutton, May.	Marston, Louise.	White, Zerola.
Englehardt, Barbara.	Mire, Ida.	Williams, Audie.
Enloe, Edwin.	Monk, Elsie.	Williams, Genevieve.
Fargerson, Etta.	Montegut, O. J.	Williams, Martha.
Fowler, J. T.	Moore, Eva Dell.	Winbarg, Howard.
Fry, Boyd.	Moss, Ruby.	Winfield, Lela.
Fuller, Lenora.	Mulliern, T. P.	Yancy, Ethel.
Freeman, Earl.	Murphy, C. C.	Vice, Rose.





# Fundamental Orders

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## Rules and Laws of the Eclectic Literary Society

Forasmuch, in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-two and in the year of the Louisiana State Normal the Eighth, as it did please the Almighty Faculty of the Normal, by the wise disposition of their Divine Power and Wisdom, so to Order and Dispose of things that, on account of the Increasing Membership of the Ancient Society known as the "S. A. K.," the members were divided and a band known as the "Eclectic Literary Society" was formed and started on the Road to Progress in the Lines of Intellectual Greatness on Normal Hill; the Faculty, well knowing that where a People are gathered together to, Maintain the Peace of such a People an Orderly Government is required, established, according to their All-wise Judgment, a Government to Dispose of the Affairs of its Members at all Seasons as Occasion should require. Therefore, the following Laws, Rules, and Orders were ordered and decreed:

§It is ordered, sentenced, and decreed that the President shall not look after the welfare of any individual member, but of the members as a whole, for great is this man to whose fidelity the care of the whole Society is entrusted; indeed, it is written, "Where your Interest is, there will your Heart be also."

§It is ordered, sentenced, and decreed that not More than Six Girls may speak at once, unless they are especially liked by the President.

§It is ordered, sentenced, and decreed that no one shall occupy the seats in the rear of the hall without first making inquiry of the person in the adjoining chair, for the aforesaid seats are often reserved for special purposes.

§It is ordered, sentenced, and decreed that the Secretary shall remain in the front of the hall while Parliamentary Law is being conducted, and not occupy the chair next to the girl of the Parliamentarian.

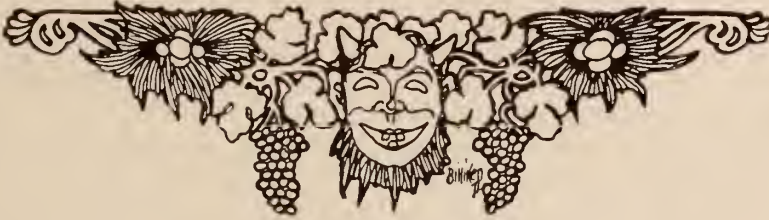
§It is ordered, sentenced, and decreed that the election of the aforesaid President shall be in this manner: Every member of the Society shall write down the name of his best friend, and he who has the greatest number of friends shall be declared President.

§It is ordered, sentenced, and decreed that in case a controversy arises between any of the members of the aforesaid society, it shall not be settled until voted upon by at least ten members.

§It is ordered, sentenced, and decreed that so great is the authority of the Treasurer's record no one shall contradict or attempt to change it, for the Treasurer furnishes the words according to his own nature.

§It is ordered, sentenced, and decreed that the Girls shall not take a prominent part in Parliamentary Law, but shall give the Boys a chance to speak.

Under the above Rules, Laws, and Orders the E. L. S. has become the "mightiest of the mighty." What less can we expect of its members, having such literary attainments, and of the Society with such a motto as "Labor is worship," than to adorn the pages of Louisiana's future history?







## Lament of Poor Susan

Alarm-clock ringing, 5 o'clock—  
Oh, my goodness, me!  
All my roommates sleeping  
Just as soundly as can be;  
Must get up and study  
On that Latin lesson. My!  
If this kind of life continues long,  
I'm sure tat I shall die.

Honey, here's a dandy plan;  
Catch a husband? Sure you can;  
'Stead of pondering over Cæsar  
Do a thing a whole lot easier:  
Take the Agriculture Course—  
*Milk the cows!* (No, not by force;  
*Science*, dearie.) An this plan  
Sure will get for you a man.





## Victories of the Green and Gold

---

THERE was no end to the excitement on Normal Hill during the month of February caused by a series of absketball games between the several societies of the School. The games were played for the purpose of determining which society should hold the championship in that particular game.

The series was begun by a game between M. C. C. and S. A. K. This game was comparatively easy for the M. C. C.s, despite the fact that the score was very close. The M. C. C.s showed their true grit and held on like grim death to prevent the game from slipping from their grasp. They soon found that they could have saved a goodly portion of their energy and still have easily come out victors.

Next, the E. L. S. bumped against the M. C. C. They must have found the bump very sudden, since their attitude during the whole affair was that of stunned creatures, much resembling tin soldiers or dummies; moving only to pick up balls, after they had passed through M. C. C. goals. They seemed horrified to see such splendid fighting. It must have been something unusual, as such playing as M. C. C.s do is very seldom seen.

Last, but by no means least, came the tug-of-war—Baby, Mortar Board and M. C. C. This was a hard-fought battle, but our Brooks was not to be stopped by pebbles or any other obstacles. The ball passed straight from her hands to center, where our nimble Hair passed it on to Cognevich, who never hesitated at sight of a goal, but always put the ball through. The poor Babies quaked with fear at the sight of the M. C. C. guard (Fleming) towering above them, when they were preparing to toss a ball to their center, who was only too well matched by Biaggini for M. C. C. Arrington, who assisted Cognevich at M. C. C. goal, helped run the score up many times, making the M. C. C. come out several scores ahead.

The M. C. C. has the championship in basketball, but they cannot conscientiously say that they won it, for they easily took it, except for the fight against the Mortar Board. This is not the first time M. C. C. has proved its ability in athletics, for it has made the other society's hearts ache more than once by gaining the laurels.

# Modern Culture Club

## OFFICERS.

J. L. MOODY.....	<i>President.</i>
KATE ARRINGTON.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
MARIE BERTHELOT.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
W. C. FREEMAN.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GRACE CHRISTIAN.....	<i>Critic.</i>
HEDWIGE SERPAS.....	<i>Editor.</i>

## MEMBERS.

Arrington, Kate.	Cooper, Reice.	Lee, E. A.
Alston, Nina.	Danos, Jessie.	McBride, Della.
Bayne, A. D.	Dugas, Nellie.	McMillan, Viola.
Biaggini, Corinne.	Ellender, T. J.	Marionneaux, Eiffel.
Breaux, Earle.	Fleming, Mabel.	Marrow, Helen.
Bishop, Gertrude.	Flanders, M. L.	Moody, J. L.
Bond, A. T.	Freeman, W. E.	Nabours, Ona.
Belle, Alice.	Gibson, Lillian.	Orillion, Bertha.
Berthelot, Marie.	Garrett, Eugene.	Lumer, M.
Bond, J. A.	Guillot, Clara.	Prudhomme, Nita.
Boggs, Mozelle.	Gibbs, Willie.	Potter, Allie.
Brooks, Blanche.	Gandy, Bertha.	Robertson, P. O.
Bains, Emma.	Gayer, Amanda.	Sellers, Adèle.
Brown, Isabelle.	Grayson, Lucile.	Serpan, Hedwige.
Calhoun, L. E.	Hair, Larcie.	Sumpayrac, Marie.
Calhoun, Georgie.	Hawkins, Alice.	Shelton, Rosalee.
Clark, Myrtle.	Jones, Ruth.	Tauzin, Iva.
Cognevich, Blanche.	Kean, Zola.	Toombs, Stacey.
Carter, Beulah.	Klas, Helen.	Templet, Elma.
Comeaux, Jeanne.	Kertley, Hattie.	Thom, Wesley.
Christian, Grace.	Lewis, Ruby.	Welsh, H. D.
Carmack, J. R.	Le Blanc, Marie.	Yancy, Ina.
	Lambart, Anne.	





## Breaking Bricks

---

Three handsome lads there were one day,  
Ora, Harold, and Harry,  
Whose steps to church did chance to stray,  
But there they did not tarry.

They met three Normal girls meanwhile,  
The belles of the whole School;  
They walked with them up to the stile,  
Which was against the rule.

Alas! they met with Mr. Roy,  
Their faces turned quite pale;  
Soon gone was each bold, valiant boy—  
There was none to tell the tale.

This was the punishment they got back,  
These boys so bold and brave:  
A pile of bricks each one must crack,  
The Normal walks to pave.

Now, Loys who wish this rule to break,  
Think of these boys' sad fate,  
Unto your hearts their lesson take  
Before it is too late.

---

## For Men Only

---

The reason this verse is put upside down  
Is, that women its lines would not read,  
For who is so curious as to upturn?  
No woman—of course, that's agreed.  
Your pardon, dear reader, for keeping you waiting  
For what you've been wanting. In life  
The one thing on earth which no woman will have  
Is that terrible bore called a "wife."





## The Mortar Board

---

"What makes the Mortar Boards so bright?" said the Band-Boy on parade.

"They look no brighter than they are," the Older Student said.

"What makes their hall so full, so full?" said the Band-Boy on parade.

"Because they 're all such loyal souls," the Older Student said.

"They are working at the Normal; you can hear the members cheer,

And they never shirk their duty when on programmes they appear;

And they're surely growing stronger, week by week, all through the year,

For the Mortar Boards are working at the Normal."

"What makes the members work so hard?" said the Band-Boy on parade.

"They're working for a credit now," the Older Student said.

"What makes that front man yawn so much?" said the Band-Boy on parade.

"He sat up late on a debate," the Older Student said.

"They are learning declamations, and in volumes worn and old

They are searching out the treasures which their precious pages hold;

They are ever surging forward in a manner free and bold.

For the Mortar Boards are working at the Normal."

"They used to work 'longside of you," said the Band-Boy on parade.

"They helped me tackle many a task," the Older Student said.

"I've heard them speak a score of times," said the Band-Boy on parade.

"And mighty dandy stuff it was," the Older Student said.

"They are beating the M. C. C.s, they are giving them the laugh;

They are leaving the E. L. S.s far behind them in their path;

And the mighty S. A. K.s can't come up with them by half,

For the Mortar Boards are LEADING at the Normal."



# Mortar Board

---

## OFFICERS.

JAMES NORRED.....	<i>President.</i>
CASTLE HOLLAND.....	<i>Vice-President..</i>
LOUISE VAN DEN BOSCH.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
TOM HARVEY.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
CORNELIA POWER.....	<i>Editor.</i>
STELLA BOGGS.....	<i>Chorister.</i>

COLORS,  
Black and Gold.

FLOWER,  
Sunflower.

MOTTO,  
"Plumb and level."

## MEMBERS.

Allen, Mrs. Mattie.  
Anclin, Beatrice.  
Anderson, A. A.  
Ane, Victoire.  
Armistead, Sudie.  
Babin, Oscar P.  
Baines, Annie.  
Bascle, Claudia.  
Bernstein, Mamie.  
Bivens, T. W.  
Breda, Rowena.  
Bryant, Pearl.  
Bundrick, J. T.  
Burleigh, Marie.  
Burns, W. H.  
Boggs, Stella.  
Carter, Maude.  
Carter, Clyde.  
Cook, Charlie Ross.  
Coon, Excel.  
Cooper, Reeve.  
Crawford, Eulalia.  
Crawford, Mattie.  
Cupp, Lillie.  
Davidson, Olive M.  
Dugas, Olie.  
Dugas, Arthur.  
Dunckleman, Will.

Dutsch, Katie.  
Dean, Ruby.  
Dupree, Claude.  
Emerson, Belle.  
Foote, Carroll.  
Fortier, Cecile.  
Frederick, Albert.  
Graham, Willie.  
Greneaux, H. A.  
Gulley, Garland.  
Gardner, Mildred.  
Haase, Ella.  
Hamilton, R. W.  
Harvey, T. S.  
Henry, Blanche.  
Himel, Aline.  
Holland, Castle.  
Kaffie, Malcolm.  
Kemp, Owen.  
Kent, Daisy.  
Knight, Charles P.  
Lisso, Mary.  
Lindsey, Louise.  
Long, Vivian.  
Marler, Alice.  
Meyer, Mamie.  
Moore, Jessie.  
Nelson, Mary.  
Norred, James.

Norwood, Eleanor.  
Parker, Fleet.  
Penz, Frank.  
Poole, Mary.  
Power, Cornelia.  
Reeves, Audena.  
Reid, Mabel.  
Reid, Mary.  
Roberts, Janie.  
Roberts, Bessie.  
Rogers, Julia.  
Russell, G. R.  
Self, Emmie.  
Sellers, Leo.  
Sicard, Daisy.  
Simmons, Ellis.  
Smith, Lucie.  
Stevens, Lillie.  
Street, Pearl.  
Swann, Gladys.  
Van den Bosch, Louise.  
Wade, Sallie.  
Wasson, Laura.  
White, Evelyn.  
Wardlaw, O. C.  
Walsh, Helen.  
Whitman, Mildred.  
Wilson, Lillie.



MAGNETICALLY  
MERRY

ORIGINALLY  
OBEDIENT

EASILY  
RADIANT

TOTALLY  
TRUSTWORTHY

ABSOLUTELY  
ADMIRABLE

REALISTICALLY  
REPUTABLE

MORTAR BOARD.

BLISSFULLY BEAUTEOUS  
BRILLIANTLY BRIGHT

OBLIGINGLY ORDERLY  
OUTLANDISHLY ODD

ARTLESSLY ACCURATE  
ABUNDANTLY ABLE

RECKLESSLY RAPTUROUS  
RELIABLY RIGHT

DELIGHTFULLY DAUNTLESS  
DAZZLINGLY DIVINE

MORTAR BOARD.

## Letters That Nobody Writes

---

DEAR JACK,—I am returning the box of Jacobs' you sent me yesterday, as Mrs. Hawkins doesn't approve of our eating between meals and I would not think of doing anything which she considers the least bit improper; besides, we have such perfectly delicious meals here that one has little desire for candy. Please, Jack, give the Jacobs' to some girl who isn't fortunate enough to come to the Normal.

I must stop now and study my Latin; I am crazy about it.

Mr. Winstead is a perfect darling; my only objection is that his assignments are a trifle too short.

Thank you for your kind thought of me.

Yours sincerely,

MAE.

DEAR MR. SPENDMONEY,—Your bill of last month for \$29.85, which we mailed on Tuesday, need give you no concern. If you find it inconvenient to settle while you are a student, we shall be pleased to carry your accounts indefinitely. In the meantime make our place your headquarters for cigars, Saturday treats, etc. We shall be glad to attend to your rush orders for books, candy, or flowers.

Very truly yours,

LEE VEIGH DRUG COMPANY.

*Rev. M. T. Spyker:*

DEAR SIR,—I am writing this to protest against the length of your sermons. As long as I could go to church whenever I wanted, I did not mind long sermons, because I generally stayed at home. Now that I am obliged to go every Sunday, I feel an absolute need for a short sermon. The quality does not concern me, as I rarely listen any way, but I shall appreciate it if you will kindly trim your time down to fifteen minutes or less.

Yours truly,

I. B. BOARD.

DEAREST MOTHER,—You are absolutely mistaken about my wardrobe—I *don't need a single new thing*. The laundry here seems to have a preservative power, for dresses I thought would have been unpresentable long ago are still perfectly good. My last summer's blue sailor is quite like new since I have brushed it up, except that it is slightly faded, but that really softens the tone. My high school graduating dress is still the dearest thing in life. I don't mind it being old-fashioned, and I can easily wear it to the Alumni banquet. The linen coat suit you made me summer before last will be just the thing to wear home on the train, after I have cleaned and pressed it. I like the full skirt it has—it is so different from the other girls' narrow ones.

Don't send me another check, for I have been saving up my pin-moey and have enough for my expenses home.

Only thirty-seven days more!

Your loving daughter,

RUTH.



DEER DAD,—I have been hear at L. S. N. 2 weeks and it is thee granddest playce on earth I wanted two get in the ate term but thay said no you need to reaw sow thay put me in the forth my lessons are orful eazzy I am just crazy about ever won of my profs thay give their lessons sew short thay are reggular led pipe cinches Lattin under Mr. Winstead is a crimp Miss Carol thinks sew far I have dune onederfull well in litterachewer haff the money you prommised too allow me ever month will be twicet what I can spend cut your next check in haff.

Your affecshunate sun,

TUP.

DEER DAD,—I was a little 2 hasty in telling you too run a bysector through my monthly revenews I've done spent all my cash an am in det to a feller for my lawndry it takes money too run with fellers that has class too them send me tin dollars rite away I don't mutch need it for school but I have found me a girl she's a peeche big brown eyes rosy cheeks and curly hair please remit at wonce for you kno Dad it takes the doe too be successfull with lady's and to be a genuwine college sport.

Your loving and grateful sun,

TUP.

DEAR TOM,—You positively *must not* send the American Beauty roses. They are beautiful and I adore them, but I consider it sinful to spend so much money on perishable things. Go over to your grandmother's and bring me a spray of honeysuckle from her garden to wear to-night. As it is only a short distance from here to the dance, and the mud isn't really *very* bad, don't bother about a cab. The walk will be good for us—I don't care if everyone else does ride.

No; the seats for Ibsen *must be* in the balcony or I shall not go.

MARGARET.

DEAR "GRAD,"—If only you were back here once more, you would not know this old Normal School, as so many improvements have been made. We no longer learn to be cooks, seamstresses, and dairy-maids. Our courses now are all lady-like and the acme of refinement. Let me tell you a few of our present advantages, rules, and regulations:

Early coffee is sent to each room at 8 o'clock, and the girls are urged to sleep as late as possible. Breakfast is served in each room at 10 o'clock, and there is a daily five-course luncheon at 2 o'clock. Dinner is an elaborate affair at 8 o'clock P. M. At this meal all (gentlemen included) *must* appear in full evening dress. Telephones are in every room, and a professional manicurist and a hair-dresser are in constant attendance. There are private baths in each room and a reception-room in each hall. Automobiles are furnished to take the girls shopping. Every girl is *required* to have at least one gentleman caller every afternoon or evening. Long walks for couples down on the lake between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening are encouraged. Weekly cotillions are given. We are all deeply interested now in the study of the rules of etiquette, dancing, modern languages, painting, courses in conversation and in the rearing of poodles. It is simply *great*. You *must* come back for a post-graduate course.

Lovingly,

EDYTHE.



# Maxims of Iskinnedthru

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COUNSEL OF ISKINNEDTHRU TO ALL WHO GOETH FORTH TO HER ALMA  
MATER, NORMAL.

Hearken unto me, O my daughters! For four long years have I lived at the Normal, and the idiosyncrasies of the teachers are known to me as the chick to its mother. And much have I learned of the girls at the Normal. Wherefore harken thou unto my counsel.

1. Feel thou not flattered by the words of a Normal girl, for she "worketh" thee but for a treat at the "Dago's."

2. Passed is the girl who smileth not at the boys, for the Faculty delighteth in her.

3. Spend not thy substance at "Sam's"; get thou a "crush" to buy thy dainties for thee.

4. Wear thou not thy new skirt on a rainy day, but borrow thou thy neighbor's. Verily then thou shalt pay not thy shekels to the handmaiden who doth press the damsels' raiment.

5. Spurn not the girl who useth a pony in Latin; for lo! she passeth, while thou ploddest onward forever.

6. Smile thou sweetly at Mr. South if thou wishest to pass in thy writing.

7. Burn thou thy hand with some  $H_2SO_4$  in thy Chem.; for then Mr. Davis shall pass thee.

8. Get thou to dinner on Sunday before time. Yea verily; for thy neighbor may appropriate unto her own platter the best chicken.

9. Lie thou not, lest thou have a poor memory; for lo! without a good memory who can remember what thou saidest last?

10. Obey thou Mrs. Hawkins; for she loveth not girls who mind not her will.

Obey thou these words, O my daughters! For lo! thou shalt pass through the Normal, even as I.

ISKINNEDTHRU.

# Young Women's Christian Association

---

Several years ago the girls organized a Devotional Circle to bring them into closer touch with one another and to help them, lest they forget the spiritual side of their lives. On March 12, 1911, Miss Sinclair visited this Circle, and after giving a brief history of the Young Women's Christian Association and telling of the work which is being done all over the world by it, suggested that the Devotional Circle be merged into a Young Women's Christian Association. The girls immediately acted upon the suggestion, and the Y. W. C. A. has become one of the many important organizations on Normal Hill.

All during the hot summer of 1911 the organization prospered. It boasted of a large membership, and every Sunday evening, when the devotional meetings were held, the hall was filled. Fall came, bringing new people to the Normal and taking a large number of the old members of the Y. W. C. A. away, but still it did not die, for there were too many faithful members and too important a work to be done. In December Miss Myra Withers, the Student Secretary from St. Louis, Mo., visited the band of faithful workers and not only encouraged them, but helped the Faculty to wake up to the need and work of such an organization in the School. This caused many other students to become interested in the movement.

This organization not only helps to develop the spiritual side of the young women's lives, but the social side as well, for developing the spiritual side in the right way develops the social also. As a means to accomplish this, the Y. W. C. A. has planned to give social meetings and to have joint meetings with the Y. M. C. A. once a month.

The first social meeting was a Japanese tea-party given to the Faculty. A short Japanese programme was rendered, after which tea and cake were served informally in a hall beautifully decorated with Japanese curiosities. This social was such a success that the Social Committee has planned a reception to be given to the Y. M. C. A. on March 8th. Everyone is expecting it to be quite as great a success as the first one.

In addition to this, Mission Study Classes have been organized, which meet for one hour each week to study the missionary work in India and China. A devotional meeting, consisting of Bible-reading, discussions, songs, music, prayers, and interesting talks by members of the Faculty, is held every Sunday evening.

The Y. W. C. A. has a bright future before it. Not only the girls, but the Faculty seem much interested in its work, and are doing everything possible for its success. Our wishes are that the influence of the Y. W. C. A. may reach and help every girl in the Louisiana State Normal.



MEMBERS OF YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

## Young Women's Christian Association

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### OFFICERS.

DELLA McBRIDE.....	<i>President.</i>
BERTHA GANDY.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
ELA DALE CARGILL.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
ARA BELL.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>

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### HEADS OF COMMITTEES.

BERTHA GANDY.....	<i>Membership Committee.</i>
MAGGIE BAKER.....	<i>Social Committee.</i>
ARA BELL.....	<i>Finance Committee.</i>
ONESIA BEADLE.....	<i>Programme Committee.</i>
MYRTIE CLARK.....	<i>Mission Study Committee.</i>
MYRTLE HUMPHRIES.....	<i>Bible Study Committee.</i>



# ROLL.

Allen, Helen.	Colvin, Aline.	Langton, Minnie.
Annison, Mary.	Crawford, Eulalia.	Lewis, Ruby.
Arant, Launa.	Crawford, Ida May.	Marston, Louise.
Arrington, Kate.	Davidson, Emma May.	McBride, Della.
Austen, Clotilde.	Dey, Dora.	McVoy, Mrs. L. C.
Bailey, Lottie.	Durrett, Maggie.	Medlock, Mary.
Baines, Annie.	Estes, Verna.	Messerschmidt, Miss H. L.
Bains, Annie.	Fargerson, Etta.	Morgan, Quintilla.
Bains, Emma.	Ganda, Bertha.	Murdock, Mary Bell.
Baker, Maggie.	Garrett, Eugenia.	Nabours, Ona.
Baker, Mattie.	Gayer, Amanda.	Owen, Della.
Bascle, Claudia.	Glenden, Miss Harriet.	Phillips, Lillian.
Baugh, Allie.	Graham, Nellie.	Roach, Lucille.
Beau, Leonie.	Grant, Elma.	Rogers, Lucille.
Beadle, Onesia.	Griffing, Miriam.	Sellers, Leo.
Bell, Alice.	Gully, Garland.	Serpas, Hedwige.
Bell, Ara.	Hair, Larcie.	Smith, Katie.
Bridwell, Eula.	Hamiter, Carrie.	Smitherman, Iva.
Brown, Mae.	Harvey, Athene.	Stirling, Margaret.
Bryant, May.	Hornsby, Annie.	Stinson, Mrs. Mary.
Bankston, Eleanor.	Houston, Lessie.	Swann, Gladys.
Cain, Pearl.	Humphries, Myrtle.	Terrier, Carrie.
Calhoun, Georgia.	Jones, Ruth.	Towns, Rosa.
Cargill, Ela Dale.	Joyce, Bessie.	Trezevant, Blanche.
Carr, Lucy.	Keane, L. M. (Mrs.).	Wade, Sallie.
Carroll, Miss Orra.	Kelly, Mamie.	Williams, Audie.
Carter, Beulah.	Keoun, Zola.	Williams, Martha.
Christian, Grace.	Key, Sanford.	Vice, Rose.
Clark, Myrtie.	Kilpatrick Rosa.	Vines, Lizzie.
Collins, Esma.	Kirby, Jessie.	



# History

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The Apostleship of Prayer, known as "The League of the Sacred Heart," is known world wide, and is a Catholic organization, to which every one—man, woman, and child, whether laborer or not—may belong.

It has existed in this Normal School for quite a number of years, and is improving yearly in the number of its members and its work. Its membership this year is larger than it has ever been. Its chief work consists, as a rule, in giving to those in need at Christmas, but this year, as a change, we were able to send quite a nice little sum to the Lepers' Home as a Christmas offering. During this past summer the League provided for three religious periodicals to be kept in the Library for the use of its members.

The Apostleship of Prayer holds its regular meetings every Sunday afternoon, which consist chiefly of prayers, hymns, readings, recitations, and papers on religious subjects.

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## Apostleship of Prayer

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### OFFICERS.

CHARLTON LOCKE.....	<i>President.</i>
MARIE BERTHELOT.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
LOUISE CONSTANTINE.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
EIFFEL MARIONNEAUX.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
ELLA HAASE.....	<i>Editor.</i>
OLIVE DAVIDSON.....	<i>Chorister.</i>
MRS. KEANE.....	<i>Librarian.</i>

### ROLL.

Anclin, Beatrice.	Decuir, Inez.	Le Blanc, Lucy.
Ane, Victoire.	Decuir, Julia.	Le Blanc, Maria.
Babin, Maude.	De Rouen, Blanche.	Ledet, Edna.
Baillio, Maude.	Englehardt, Barbara.	Ledoux, Lucy.
Bargas, Effie.	Ewell, Maxie.	Locke, Belle.
Becnel, Maggie.	Falgout, May.	Locke, Charlton.
Berard, Anna.	Field, Annie Laurie.	Marionneaux, Eiffel.
Berthelot, Marie.	Fleming, Mabel.	Marler, Alice.
Biaggini, Corinne.	Fortier, Cecile.	Mary, Loretta.
Billon, Gertie.	Gershefski, Sara.	McMillan, Viola.
Brigante, Mary.	Guillot, Clara.	Montz, Estelle.
Browne, Isabelle.	Haase, Ella.	Pertuit, Felicie.
Cade, Sara.	Harrell, Myrtle.	Porcian, Eunice.
Callen, Gladys.	Hickman, Lucille.	Prejean, Zuma.
Clement, Jeanne.	Hickman, Ella.	Sandoz, Rose.
Comeaux, Gladys.	Howerton, Irma.	Scott, Olivia.
Comeaux, Jeanne.	Hymel, Marie.	Serpas, Hedwige.
Constantine, Louise.	Keane, Mrs. L. M.	Sicard, Daisy.
Couvillon, Lou.	Kent, Daisy.	Templet, Elma.
Danos, Jessie.	La Fleur, Alicia.	Webre, Jeanne.
Davidson, Olive.	Lasseigne, Carmen.	Williams, Genevieve.
	Le Blanc, Beatrice.	





DORA AKE.



G. O. HOUSTON



ROE BROWNE.



CORA LEE HENRY.

## Politics in the Normal

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"Keep the public schools out of politics!" is the cry of the present day, but nothing has been said about keeping politics out of the public schhols. The Normal has passed through the excitement and strain of a political revolution.

Preparations were made for a great election, and active campaigning was immediately begun. January 30th was the day appointed for the fateful election which was to put to flight forever the hopes of some who were aspiring to be voted the prettiest girl, the most popular girl, the wittiest boy, the most popular boy.

Voting precincts were established at different places in the building and over the campus. Crowds of eager voters thronged the polls from the time they were opened until their close. In this election woman was given the right to cast her vote, and excitement ran high. The ward-boss and the scheming politician were there, each ready with bribes, threats, and promises to intimidate and persuade the timid and doubtful voters. How many members of the fairer sex cast their votes in the same direction as did their manly schoolmates will never be known; how many friendships were made, how many ties which bound together lovers and friends were sundered we shall never know; but when the polls closed at 4 o'clock, the returns from the election showed the following results:

CORA LEE HENRY.....	<i>Prettiest Girl.</i>
DORA B. AKE.....	<i>Most Popular Girl.</i>
ROE BROWNE.....	<i>Wittiest Boy.</i>
G. O. HOUSTON.....	<i>Most Popular Boy.</i>



THE MAN THAT HATH NO MUSIC IN HIMSELF,  
NOR IS NOT MOV'D WITH CONCORD OF SWEET SOUNDS,  
IS FIT FOR TREASONS, STRATAGEMS, AND SPOILS.



## Words Without Song

DEEEEP in the fo-o-rest glooomy,  
Where fair-r-ries loo-ve to dw-ell, to dwe-ll, to dwell,  
Where fair-r-ies lo-ove to dw-ell,  
There lu-u-u-rks a seee-cret cav-ern;  
My sa-a-a-ad hea-r-rt kno-o-ws it well!  
Ah! kno-hows it we-ell,

It kno-ows it we-ell,  
It kno-ows it we-hell,

It kno<sup>o-o</sup>ws it we-e-hell,

My sa<sup>a-a</sup>ad heart kno<sup>w</sup>s it<sup>s</sup> WELL'





PROF. H. W. STOPHER,  
Director of Music.

# “King Rene’s Daughter”

GIVEN BY THE  
GIRLS’ GLEE CLUB

IN THE NORMAL AUDITORIUM,

*Friday Evening, February 23, 1912, at 8 o’Clock p. m.*

## CHARACTERS.

Iolanthe.....	Soprano.....	Willie E. Bonney.
Marta.....	Mezzo-Soprano.....	Dora B. Ake.
Beatrice.....	Contralto.....	Joanna V. Porter.
A Vintager.....	Soprano.....	Ethel Yancey.
A Vintager.....	Contralto.....	Aline M. Colvin.

Chorus—Provençal Vintagers.



H. W. STOPHER, *Director.*



AUDIE B. WILLIAMS, *Accompanist.*



WILLIE E. BONNEY,  
"Iolanthe,"  
*Soprano*



JOANNA V. PORTER,  
"Beatrice,"  
*Contralto.*



DORA B. AKE,  
"Marta,"  
*Mezzo-Soprano.*



ALINE M. COLVIN,  
*Contralto*



IDA MAY CRAWFORD,  
*Assistant Accompanist.*



ETHEL YANCEY,  
*Soprano*

## Glee Club Members



Sanford Key



Genevieve Smith



Mable Fleming



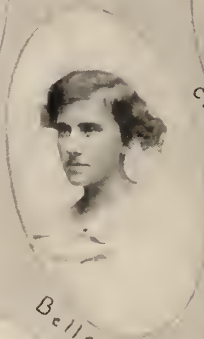
Ruby Dean



Josie Pugh



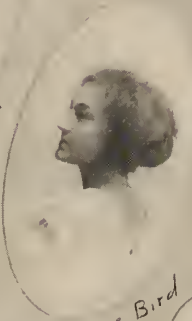
Mary Lisso



Cora Lee Henry



Fannie Dampf



Nettie Lee Bird



Belle Locke



Florence Hamilton



Corinne Aswell

Marrie Baker

# Glee Club Members

Claudia Basile

Sadie Barlow

Willie Gibbs

Stella Seegers

Blanche Trezevant

Willie Roberts

Letitia Petrie

Zulma Prejean

Beatrice A Major

Lon Couvillon

Mary Brigante

Almeda Van Hoose

Launa Arant



# Programme

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Piano Overture.....	Audie B. Williams and Ida May Crawford
Chorus—"Valley of Summer Flowers".....	Chorus
Trio—"See How Gay the Valley Shines".....	
.....	Misses Yancey, Porter, and Ake and Chorus
Duet—"There Is a Fair Maid Dwelling There".....	
.....	Misses Ake and Porter and Chorus
Recitative and Aria—"From Her Bower".....	Miss Ake
Quartet—"Who Hath Seen the 'Troubadour?'".....	
.....	Misses Yancey, Ake, Colvin, and Porter
Duet—"The Spell Has Wrought".....	Misses Ake and Porter and Chorus
Recitative and Aria—"White or Red".....	Miss Bonney
Recitative—"What Magic in a Minstrel's Song Must Dwell!".....	Miss Ake
Trio—"Now Amulet and Spell".....	Misses Bonney, Ake, and Porter
Duet—"Sweet the Angelus Is Ringing"....	Misses Ake and Porter and Chorus
Recitative—"Oh, What a Dawn!".....	Miss Ake
Finale—"René the King".....	Miss Bonney and Chorus

# King Rene's Daughter

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## ARGUMENT.

The story of "King René's Daughter" is freely adapted from Henrik Hertz's drama.

Iolanthe, daughter of King René, Count of Provence, has been betrothed in infancy to the son of the Count of Vaudemont. Stricken with blindness when but a year old, she has been reared with all knowledge of the faculty of sight withheld from her. A leech or magician has promised to restore her sight by means of an amulet he has given her, on condition that she is first informed of the missing sense, but the King has refused permission.

Iolanthe's betrothed, wandering as a troubadour, lights upon her abode in a valley of Vaucluse. Without knowing her—for a territorial feud has kept their lives apart—the troubadour knight is enthralled by her beauty. He does not know that she is blind, and his words reveal to her the faculty of which she has been kept in ignorance. He thus unwittingly aids the magician's art, and Iolanthe is restored to sight.



NEW GLEE CLUB MEMBERS.

## The Girl's Glee Club

---

**T**HE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB this year has been the best in its history. It has attempted better music than ever before. "King René's Daughter," by Henry Smart, was the first entire programme ever given by the organization. The work throughout has been characterized by the faithfulness of its members in attending rehearsals and in the devotion to the purpose to give truly artistic productions. The results have been highly satisfactory. The recital received wide-spread attention. Programmes were sent into every parish in Louisiana, as well as into eighteen different States. More than twenty different newspapers made complimentary mention of the performance. The recital was given to a large audience in spite of bad weather. With the help of this year's valuable experience, it is hoped that the Glee Club will be able to take one more forward step next year and give an opera or some other really difficult work.





### BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

*First Row*—FREEMAN. RUSSELL. ELLENDER. MOODY.<sup>1</sup> Miss WILLIAMS, Accompanist. H. W. STOPHER Director.  
 SHAVER. TEDDLIE. H. V. CARTER. NORRED. DUPREE. HARVEY.

*Second Row*—HOUSTON. KAFFIE. C. CARTER. H. CARTER. KNIGHT. ANNISON. SIMMONS. CROWELL.  
 BUNDRICK. CANTERBURY. BURNS. DE BLIEUX.

*Third Row*—EWING. BABIN. HAMILTON. PARKER. KEMP. SCARBOROUGH. POTTS. JACKSON. BOATNER.  
 CAMMACK. HOLLAND.



First Trombone

*fff*

Baritone

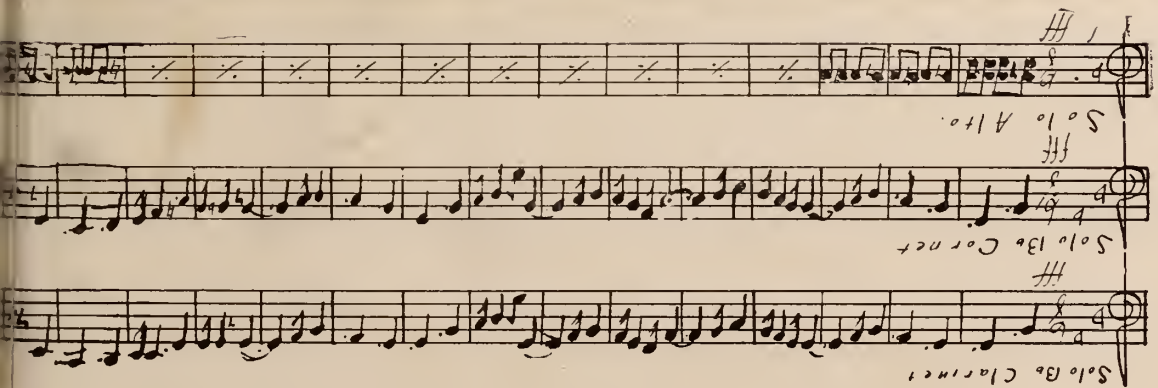
*fff*

Bass

*fff*







# Athletic Benefit Concert

FALL TERM.

## PROGRAMME.

- Romanze, Alto Solo..... Edward Beyer  
Wood Breazeale, Normal Band Accompaniment.
- "The Eagle"..... MacDowell  
"The Nightingale"..... Alabieff-Liszt  
Miss Burlingim.
- A Polka..... Cornet Solo  
Mr. Lattin.
- "The Goblins"..... J. A. Parks  
Girls' Glee Club.
- (a) "The Swan"..... Saint-Saëns  
(b) Canzonetta..... A. D'Ambroise  
Miss Kennedy.
- Air de Ballet..... Moszokwski  
Miss Van Hoose.
- "Doan Ye Cry, Ma Honey"..... Noll  
S. A. K. Girls' Quartet.
- Southern Gems..... Barnard  
Brass Quartet—H. W. Stopher, Wood Breazeale, Edwin McClung,  
Allen Melton.
- (a) "Her Eyes"..... Meldenberg  
(b) "Spring Morning"..... Nevin  
Miss Norris.
- Selection from "Madame Sherry"..... Hoschna  
Normal Band.
- Accompanists—Miss Norris, Miss Burlingim, Miss Van Hoose, and  
Miss Audie B. Williams.

Another Athletic Benefit Concert was given on January 26th. The programme was furnished by the Band, Mr. Lauzin, the Mandolin Club, Miss Ake, Mr. J. L. Moody, and Mr. Williamson.

# Band Roster

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## PICCOLO.

Bernard Nelken.

## FLUTES.

Roe Brown.

Paul Ducournan.

## E♭ CLARINET.

G. O. Houston.

## B♭ CLARINETS.

Warren Voiers.

Irion Nelken.

Harry Kranson.

Ora Scott.

W. L. Colvin.

## E♭ CORNETS.

Albert Brown.

Willie Lucas.

## B♭ CORNETS.

H. W. Stopher.

Newton Voiers.

Russell Bobbitt.

Cecil McClung.

Earl J. Freeman.

J. J. Aydell.

Malcolm Kaffie.

## ALTOS.

P. O. Robertson.

Sidney Lucas.

Milton Adams.

James Norred.

Marion Hargrove.

T. C. Crowell.

## TROMBONES.

Harold Kaffie.

J. L. Moody.

J. R. Humphreys.

John Canterbury.

## EUPHONES.

Edwin L. McClung.

William C. Freeman.

## B♭ BASSES.

L. A. Crow.

A. F. Jackson.

Clayton Bonnette.

## E♭ BASSES.

Allen Melton.

James Dezendorf.

## SNARE DRUM.

Roland Metoyer.

## BASS DRUM.

G. R. Russell.

## The Normal Band

---

During the Spring Term of last year Mr. Stopher, who has been a cornetist for several years, called a meeting of all the boys in the Normal who were interested in starting a Band. On April 12, 1911, sixteen boys reported for practice, with instruments they had obtained from the town of Natchitoches. The following were soon members:

H. W. Stopher, Leader; H. L. Waterbury, Newton Voiers, Russell Bobbitt, J. E. Freeman, cornets; P. O. Robertson, W. Dunckelman, James Dezendorf, altos; Roe Brown, piccolo; H. Kaffie and R. Levy, trombones; Edwin McClung and Allen Melton, baritones; R. Metoyer and M. Kaffie, drums.

Through the efforts of Mr. Stopher and the other members the number in the Band increased until at the close of the Summer Term in August the Band consisted of fifty members. Several left at the close of that term. In the meantime, instruments had been procured by giving benefit concerts and other entertainments. The Band was enabled to buy the following horns: two Eb basses, two Bb basses, one baritone, one trombone, two altos, and an Eb cornet. The smaller instruments, such as clarinets, flutes, and cornets, were bought by the members. Several members have graduated and a few have dropped out. The Band now consists of thirty-six pieces. All are working hard on an elaborate concert to be given as an anniversary celebration.

When over two hundred dollars had been accumulated in their treasury, the Band decided to buy uniforms. With the further aid of Mr. P. T. Hedges, the suits were ordered and received in February, 1912. They are cadet gray, with black and white trimmings.

The Band played for every football game during last season. A band-stand will very shortly be built in the Athletic Park, and the boys expect to give the baseball team its best support this spring.



# Band Benefit Recital

DECEMBER 15, 1911.

- Popular Selections—Dixie Gems and "There's a Dixie Girl Who's  
Longing for A Yankee-Doodle Boy".....Boys' Orchestra  
"Like as a Father" (Cherubini-Liszt).....Girls' Glee Club  
"The Cherubic Host" from Gaul's "Holy City".....Girls' Glee Club  
With Baritone Solo by Edwin McClung and Soprano Obligato by Willie E. Bonney.  
"Gray Days".....Hawley  
"Thy Beaming Eyes".....MacDowell  
J. L. Mooney.  
Cornet Duet, "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore".....Verdi  
H. B. Lattin and H. W. Stopher.  
"Sleep on Thy Pillow".....Giff  
"Stars of the Summer Night".....Shepherd  
"Softly Sleep".....Showalter  
Boys' Glee Club.  
"Sweet Isabella".....Williams  
"Cleone" Waltzes.....McFall  
Normal Band.  
"Good Night, Ladies".....Boys' Glee Club



# Band Anniversary Concert

APRIL 19, 1912.

## PROGRAMME.

### Part I.

"Bel Esprit" March .....	McFall
"The Zephyr" Waltz—Trombone Solo .....	Losey
H. M. Kaffie.	
"Golden Bells" Polka—Baritone Solo .....	Losey
E. L. McClung.	
"Coquette" Polka—Cornet Duet .....	Losey
Newton Voiers and C. B. McClung.	
"Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby"—Quartet .....	Sullivan
First Cornet .....	H. W. Stopher.
Second Cornet .....	C. B. McClung.
Trombone .....	H. M. Kaffie.
Baritone .....	E. L. McClung.

### Part II.

#### ORCHESTRA.

"Wedding of the Winds" .....	Hall
"The Clang of the Forge"—Trombone Solo .....	Rodney
H. M. Kaffie.	
"Because of Thee"—Cornet Solo .....	Tours
Newton Voiers.	
"See the Pale Moon"—Trombone and Cornet Duet .....	Campana
H. M. Kaffie and H. W. Stopher.	
"Cascade of Pearls"—Clarinet Solo .....	
Warren Voiers.	
A Stein Song—Baritone Solo .....	Bullard
E. L. McClung.	

### Part III.

Quartet from "Faust" .....	Gounod
First Cornet .....	H. W. Stopher.
Second Cornet .....	E. B. McClung.
Baritone .....	E. L. McClung.
Tuba .....	A. L. Melton.
Quartet from "Rigoletto" .....	Verdi
Band Accompaniment.	
First Cornet .....	H. W. Stopher.
Second Cornet .....	C. B. McClung.
Trombone .....	H. M. Kaffie.
Baritone .....	E. L. McClung.
"Star-Spangled Banner" .....	

# The Lithpin Quartet

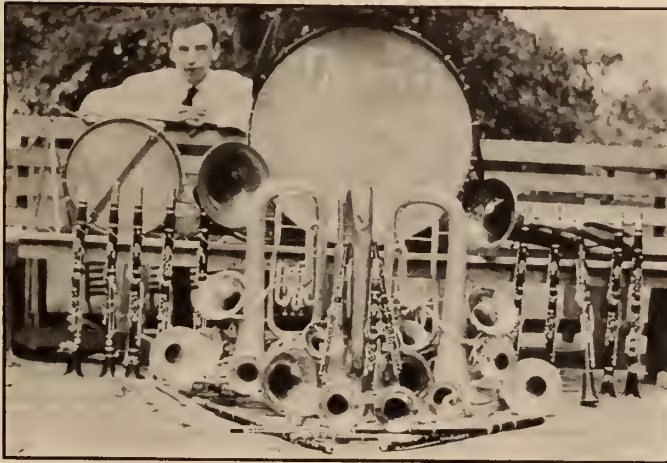
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If you thould thay a word to Beth,  
Her anther you would have to gueth:  
She trieth, but itth not any uth—  
Her tongue geth twithted in her tooth.

Almeda getth away with me;  
To hear her talk I yell with glee;  
She thayth she'th going to try to whithper,  
So the girloth will not call her a "lithper."

And Annie Laurie thayth that she  
Ith tired of being teathed by me;  
She'll treat me to the candy thtore  
If I don't rag her any more.

But Lorna thayth her teeth up top  
Are wrong and she jutht cannot thtop,  
And any way, she 'th proud to be  
A lithper with the other thwee.





## The Normal Mandolin Club

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The Mandolin and Guitar Club of the Normal School was organized in November, 1911, at the request of several students, who desired either to refresh their knowledge of the handling of instruments or to learn to play them. All together, the Club has enrolled ten members, several of whom have finished school and are no longer able to take part in the work of the Club. Such has been the progress of this body that it has been able to appear creditably in public upon two occasions.

### ROLL OF THE MEMBERS.

R. W. Winstead.....	<i>Director.</i>
Annie Laurie Field.....	<i>First Mandolin.</i>
Effie Smith.....	<i>First Mandolin.</i>
Henrietta Dauterive.....	<i>First Mandolin.</i>
Bessie Burnham.....	<i>Second Mandolin.</i>
Ida May Crawford.....	<i>Guitar.</i>
Annie Archer.....	<i>Guitar.</i>
E. C. Harvey.....	<i>Guitar.</i>
C. P. Knight.....	<i>Guitar.</i>

# Limericks

---

There is a great teacher named L. A. D.,  
Whose ways are outlandishly bad:  
    Don't give him your "sass,"  
    But go to his class;  
If you don't, you'll wish that you had.

There is a young teacher in Ped,  
With a brain somewhat lighter than lead;  
    To any old question  
    We answer, "Apperception,"  
And she assents with a nod of her head.

In the class of a lady named "Mack"  
Was a boy who once answered back;  
    She shot him a look,  
    His wisdom-teeth shook,  
And he jumped like he'd sat on a tack.

J. C. S. sits up late at night  
Getting notes for us to indite;  
    He glances at our pages  
    And forthwith he rages,  
"Do it all over—this time do it *write!*"

H. and B. are two tall, slim fanatics  
On the question of pure quadratics;  
    Their pupils all toil  
    And burn midnight oil  
Till in the end they 're lunatics.

Students—good, bad, bold, or meeque,  
Fat, lean, young, or antique—  
    All shout on the day  
    When the T. T. does say,  
"You're assigned to the Nelken critique."

Down in the kitchen I see Miss Glend'n  
Over a big box carefully a-bend'n;  
    She uses a fireless cooker,  
    'Cause no daughter of Booker  
Is there, her assistance a-lend'n.





DR. C. G. POOL.  
Director.





# Football

---



The football season of 1911 opened a new realm of athletic activity at the State Normal. For the first time in the history of the School one of her teams met Tulane and L. S. U. on the gridiron. Although it was the lightest team that ever represented the institution, their average weight being 139 pounds, and their schedule including every team of note in the State, trips were taken to New Orleans, the Capitol, and the State Fair at Shreveport, and they made a respectable showing. They met and defeated the State High School champions by a one-sided score of 23 to 0 in fourteen minutes of play. The "Scrubs" were allowed the remainder of the game, but were taken into camp 6 to 5. Centenary College, which defeated the strong team from Arkadelphia, was swamped 25 to 0.

Outweighed heavily by Pineville and Lafayette and outweighed and experienced by Ruston, Tulane, and L. S. U., they fought all the way to the finish, coming back strong when least expected with a brand of football that surprised and often overwhelmed their opponents, as was shown in the last few minutes of the Lafayette game.

Throughout the entire season the team was handicapped by a lack of facilities, which, though improved over previous seasons, remains inadequate. Until the Normal can secure more male students and the scholastic work required each term is lessened, it will be impossible for Normal players to compete with schools such as L. S. U. and Tulane.

The spirit of the team throughout the season was good, and most of the men worked hard and consistently.

James Norred was elected Captain for 1912. This selection is considered an excellent one, in view of his work at tackle in 1910. He was the only man to receive an "N" in baseball, and he also won the low hurdles in the intercollegiate. Injuries kept him out of the game in the latter part of the season of 1911.

This team was considered the shiftest, although the lightest, that ever wore "Ns". This was due to the consistent practice and persistent study of the plays. Great credit must be given Captain Ducournau for his wonderful spirit and good generalship, for his thorough knowledge of the game, for his ability to solve an opponent's attack, and his good judgment in picking openings in their defense.

The following received "Ns": Ducournau (Captain), Norred, Babin, Nash, Barnes, Jackson, Reeves, Phillips, Potts, Knight, Bivens, McCook, Freeman, Killen, Bonnette, Dunckelman.



## Statistics of 1911 Team

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<i>Name.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Height.</i>	<i>Weight.</i>	<i>Age.</i>	<i>Years On Team</i>
Ducournau (C.) . . . . .	G. B.	5.6	125	19	1
Norred . . . . .	L. T.	6	165	20	2
Jackson . . . . .	L. H. B.	5.5	126	18	1
Nash . . . . .	F. B.	5.9	150	20	1
McCook . . . . .	L. E.	5.4	113	18	2
Potts . . . . .	R. T.	6	161	18	2
Dunkelman . . . . .	R. E.	5.11	145	17	1
Bivens . . . . .	C.	5.11	153	23	1
Bonnette . . . . .	Sub. B.	5.10	150	20	1
Freeman . . . . .	R. H. B.	5.10	157	18	1
Phillips . . . . .	L. G.	5.10	152	24	1
Knight . . . . .	C.	6.1	164	19	1
Babin . . . . .	B. & E.	5.5	145	22	2
Reeves . . . . .	R. G.	6.2	174	19	1
Barnes . . . . .	B.	5.9	145	19	1
Killen . . . . .	L. T.	5.8	149	20	1



# FOOTBALL

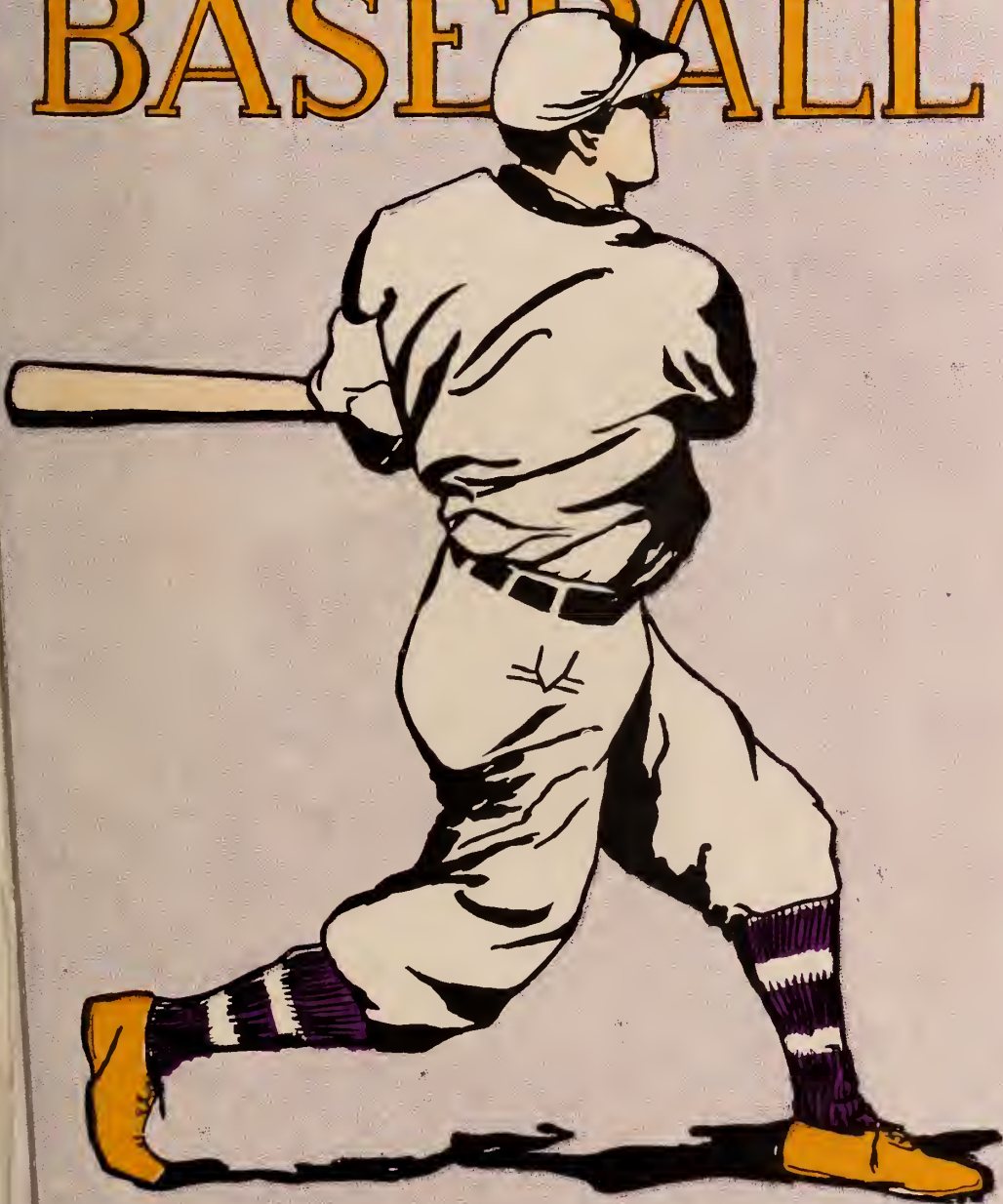






THE MASCOT,

# BASEBALL



Sadie Barlow

## Baseball

---

Tulane University was entertained at the Normal for a series of games. In the second game the Purple and White led the visitors 4 to 2 until the seventh inning, when the tide of battle turned against them, Tulane winning the game and the series.

One "N" was given in baseball, to James Norred.

During the summer a new team was organized. The old-timers tell us that this was by far the strongest team in the history of the School. They defeated the town teams with the greatest ease. In the last game of the series the Normal won—17 to 0 in five innings.

Possibly the most noteworthy feature of the summer ball was the pitching of Spencer Phillips, when he struck out the first fifteen men who faced him in the second game.

A number of the summer baseball stars remained with us during the spring.

Terrific downpours of rain occurred throughout the season and prevented practice much of the time, which was very discouraging to both the Coach and the team.

The following is the list of the squad: Phillips (Captain), Norred, Colvin, Harang, Burns, Reeves, Barnes, Bonds, Russell, Wise, Simonds, Nash, Holland, Murphy.







## Track Athletics

For the first time in the history of the School, track athletics was introduced into the Normal. On April 1st the first inter-collegiate meet was held at the new Athletic Park. Normal won 80 points out of a possible 131. Tulane Freshman second and Louisiana College third, with 11 points. In this meet Doughty, Breaux, Todd, Duncelman, Norred, and Hensen starred. The following received "Ns": Doughty, Breaux, Todd, Duncelman, Hensen, Kitterlin.

This is the first State championship in any form of track athletics ever won by the Normal. The splendid victory was due to the spirit that prevailed in the School during the construction of the athletic field. It permeated athletics and gave it an impetus which nothing had ever done before.

The following is the list of events, winners, time, and distance made:

	<i>First.</i>	<i>Second.</i>	<i>Third.</i>	<i>Time.</i>
120-yd. hurdle . . .	Duncelman (N.)	Norris (T.)	Kitterlin (U.)	18.4-5
880-yd. dash . . . .	Copeland (N.)	McCook (N.)	Wright (T.)	2.30
100-yd. dash . . . .	Morris (T.)	Breaux (N.)	Todd (N.)	10.2-5
Shot-put . . . . .	Doughty (N.)	Craighead (T.)	Hinkie (L.)	35.6
1 mile . . . . .	Willis (L.)	Ducournau (T.)	Harlan (N.)	5.13
Broad jump . . . .	Henson (N.)	Morris (T.)	Andres (N.)	20.1
220-yd. dash . . . .	Breaux (N.)	Montgomery (T.)	Todd (N.)	24.3-5
Pole vault . . . . .	Aydell (N.)	Ducournau (T.)	Montagut (U.)	7.9
220 low hurdles . .	Kitterlin (N.)	Morris (T.)	Norred (N.)	29.2-5
Hammer . . . . .	Doughty (N.)	Reidheimer (N.)	Craighead (T.)	75.8
440-yd. dash . . . .	Breaux (N.)	Montgomery (T.)	Andres (N.)	56
Discus . . . . .	Craighead (T.)	Doughty (N.)	Reidheimer (N.)	91.1
2 miles . . . . .	Hughes (L.)	Ducournau (T.)	Harlan (N.)	11.53
High jump . . . . .	Woodard (T.)	Harvey (N.)	Duncelman (N.)	5.5
Relay . . . . .	Normal	La. College	Tulane.	



# TRACK



Rosa TOWNS

# Girls' Athletic Association

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## OFFICERS.

LUCY CARR.....*President.*  
MABEL FLEMING.....*Secretary.*  
KATE ARRINGTON.....*Treasurer.*

## 'VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM.

Annison, Mary.	Fleming, Mabel.
Bernstein, Mamie.	Henry, Emma.
Biaggini, Corinne.	Hood, Ruth.
Brooks, Blanche.	Le Blanc, Lucy.
Carr, Lucy.	Lindsey, Florence.
Cognevich, Blanche.	Lindsey, Louise.
Cook, Emma Lee.	Major, Beatrice.
Dezauche, Allene.	Norwood, Eleanor.
Thompson, Mittie May.	

Sweaters with "Ns" were won by the following members of the 'Varsity:

Annison, Mary.	Dezauche, Allene.
Bernstein, Mamie.	Fleming, Mabel.
Biaggini, Corinne.	Hood, Ruth.
Brooks, Blanche.	Lindsey, Florence.
Cognevich, Blanche.	Norwood, Eleanor.
Cook, Emma Lee.	



# BASKETBALL





## Basketball Squads

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Burgland, Hilda.  
Carr, Frances.  
Coon, Minnie.  
Gayer, Amanda.  
Guillot, Clara.  
Giddens, Emmie.  
Graham, Nellie.

Arrington, Kate.  
Grayson, Lucile.  
Garrot, Eugenia.  
Hair, Larcie.

Albritton, Susie.  
Bargas, Effie.  
Barrow, Mary.  
Beasley, Ruth.  
Carter, Maude.  
Dugas, Ollie.  
Edwards, Mattie.

Grant, Edna.  
Hawkens, Alice.  
Honeycutt, Ollie.  
Joyce, Bessie.  
Kemp, Zula.  
Leveque, Lucy.  
Owen, Della.

Houston, Lessie.  
Kennon, Sallie.  
Marionneaux, Eiffel.  
McBride, Della.

Gibbs, Willie.  
Griffin, Miriam.  
Henry, Blanche.  
Julian, Vivian.  
McCasland, Ernie.  
Palmer, Kate.  
Ragan, Lee Craig.

Overby, Esther.  
Pourcio, Eunice.  
Rogers, Julia.  
Rogers, Lucile.  
Reeves, Audina.  
Sawyer, Shirley.  
Weil, Blanche.

Perry, Emma.  
Reed, Maggie.  
Shelton, Rosalie.  
Toombs, Staley.

Roberts, Janie.  
Sales, Fay.  
Shelton, Ruby.  
Wade, Sallie.  
Walsh, Helen.

### HOCKEY-PLAYERS.

Alexander, Aline.  
Baker, Mattie.  
Carmena, Mattie.  
Caldwell, Eva.  
Crawford, Eulalia.  
De Rouen, Ruby.

Fleming, Mary.  
Holmes, Audie.  
Hester, Erline.  
Kennedy, Mary.  
Kenison, Vida.  
Kimbrell, Lettie.

Ledet, Edna.  
Moss, Ruby.  
Nugent, Lola.  
Street, Pearl.  
Swan, Gladys.  
Thompson, Elizabeth.







## Tennis

At the beginning of the Fall Term of 1911 the athletic work for all students of the State Normal School was, for the first time, made compulsory. Each girl was allowed to select her own sport—basketball, swimming, or tennis. The majority chose the latter.

The Athletic Association, seeing the need for more tennis spirit, placed the work under the able supervision of Miss Helena L. Messerschmidt, who selected a large grassy space on the boys' old athletic field, where fifteen courts were laid off. She also arranged a schedule for games, and appointed two groups of girls to assist her in the instruction of beginners and the checking-up of the players. All material for playing was purchased by the School, thereby relieving the students of any expense.

The girls learned to play rapidly; their spirit and love for the game grew. Now it is delightful to go out in the afternoon between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock and watch them play. On each court one may find a group of jolly girls, with elastic step and rosy cheeks, thoroughly enjoying the fresh air and the wholesome exercise.

Enthusiasm reached its height in the tournament which was recently held. It is hoped that the spirit and enthusiasm will not only remain, but grow, for already the players are clamoring for another tournament and are making plans for the future.



## Tennis Champions of 1912

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MARJORIE ARBOUR.....	S. A. K.
THERESA MANN.....	S. A. K.
EULA BRIDWELL.....	E. L. S.
GERTRUDE BISHOP.....	M. C. C.



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## Tennis Tournament

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On February 15, 1912, the second and largest tennis tournament ever held at the Normal School was begun. Championship games were played for six consecutive days, gradually reducing the number of players from three hundred and fifty to four. The final game was played on February 23, 1912, at 3:30, sharp.

The champions, Marjorie Arbour and Theresa Mann, both S. A. K. members, played against Eula Bridwell, E. L. S., and Gertrude Bishop, M. C. C. They appeared on the court dressed in white, ready for defeat or victory.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The game was begun with great interest. The first set of three games was won by the S. A. K.s, the second by the E. L. S.s and M. C. C.s. The interest now grew to its highest, for the girls were well matched and put forth every effort to win out in the decisive game. For some time victory was uncertain, but finally, by careful playing, the S. A. K.s came out victorious in the tournament.

The S. A. K. is very proud of the good playing and sportsman-like spirit manifested by its girls, and the whole School is proud of the sturdy efforts and pleasant spirit manifested by the girls who lost. We are proud to know that all Normal girls can accept modestly and in good spirit either defeat or victory.



# The Palmist in the Modern School



MISS DICKSON.—The effervescent type. A confirmed optimist. Very gushing and extremely sentimental. A woman who can never quite make up her mind on any question without advice; the kind that leads the five-pound-box-of-Huyler's admirer a merry and long-drawn-out dance. Well never be famous except as a writer of love-songs. Neither has nor desires money. Cares nothing for luxury or the softer side of life. Is an early-riser, a good cook, and very industrious. At forty she will weigh four times her number of years. Destined to be a young man's slave.



MR. GUARDIA.—The sturdy-oak type. Slow and deliberate in speech and movement. Uses few words—but uses them often. Is inclined to be disorderly and to have things about him at haphazard—the kind Nature intended should be provided with a helpmeet early in life. He cares little for out-door recreation, but takes great pleasure in critiques and observation lessons. Is never so happy as when he is teaching before a room full of observers.



MISS GAULDEN.—A soft and pliant nature. Will "venture a guess" on anything, but is peculiarly yielding in debate. "Agree with thine adversary quickly" is a rule of life with her. She has never been known to contend for a point in any discussion, and is always found on the side of the majority. She is fond of jaunts, and is a good chaperon. Is violently opposed to female suffrage. Will probably abandon teaching for politics in order to keep woman in her present social and political position.



MR. RYAN.—A sound-hearted mountain sapling, with a complex heart-line, denoting susceptibility and fickleness. Destined to be a heavy-weight—in avoirdupois. He is generous (with poor grades), easy (to see weak points in a poor recitation), and smooth (in making out a case against a practice teacher). His classes adore him and always will—until he marries. Fate-line indicates a close connection with a ring; it is not clear whether it is diamond, political, or sawdust—probably the latter. At a CELL-SELL he is EXCELLENT and SELLDOM EXCELLED.



MISS RUSSELL.—Calm and watchful. Exacting in details, always on time, and an "answer-book" for all problems of the child. She will never marry, will live to be ninety, and will be very rich in old age. Her money will probably be made on a model farm by use of scientific agricultural methods.

MISS GRAHAM.—The “clinging vine.” Is very timid—trembles at the sight of a horse or a dog and faints when she sees a cut finger. Is shrinking and impulsive—decidedly of the look-after-the-leap kind. Is gifted in many ways, especially with words. She loves to stay at home, and is seldom seen out of doors. Very inventive—could cook for a family of six over the light of a candle. Is apt to inspire love at first sight. Keeps a long waiting-list. Will marry—one of five.



MISS NELKEN.—“Speech is silver, silence is gold”—the yellow metal alone is hers. She possesses wonderful executive ability; can manage anything from men and street fairs to Lyceum courses and braids. Her motto is, “Make the people do the work.” Has an eye for bargaining, but never risks her luck in games of chance—she remains single. Is slow and deliberate in speech and movement. Her only fault seems to be a too great leniency with practice teachers. There is always a scramble when the Seventh Grade assignment is made.



MISS LEVY.—Ye old-time friend. In spite of some trouble with her *rs*, she takes keen interest and pleasure in public speaking. Has great oratorical powers, and loves to shine, especially in observation lessons. Will probably take the stump as the successor of Carrie Nation. Her ideas are clear-cut and well defined. She dislikes amusements, especially the theater. She likes to draw—her salary and conclusions about poor lessons. Pretends to take no interest in men, but—watch her.



MISS NELSON.—Teaching temporarily—head-line ends abruptly in heart-line. Interested in science, especially in medicine. Destined soon to exchange her tender heart for one more rugged. A modest disposition that shows unexpected flashes of fire, causing one to sit up and take notice. A handful of luck, romance, practice teachers, devices, and pretty clothes. Her great ambition is to weigh one hundred and seventy-five. All things come to her—who waits.



MISS BREAZEALE.—A silent sister of the calm, reflective type; a handful of dim, conflicting lives. By nature quiet, dignified, and painstaking. Hard, conscious effort at times makes her appear jolly, fun-loving, and mischievous. Her head-line shows many side interests—philosophical reading, psychological experimentation, and sociological endeavor. Her tastes are as subdued as her nature—she cares nothing for dress, bright colors, pleasure, or society. She abhors gossip and personalities, and never descends to the ordinary plane. Heart-line shows but one interest—the last.







UNCLE CLEM.

# "A Laugh with Uncle Clem"

WHO SAID, "LEAP YEAR"?

MISS ODOM, wishing to have her name taken off the society programme, went to the chairman of the Programme Committee. "Mr. Scott," said she, will you please change my name?"

MOODY'S VOICE.

AUDIE: "Hasn't Moody a nice voice?"

LUCILLE: "Yes, he has. They have to close the windows every time he sings."

AUDIE: "What has that got to do with it?"

LUCILLE: "Well, you see, his-voice is so sweet it might draw flies if the windows were open."

It isn't the lessons you did, dear,  
It's the lessons you left undone,  
Which put those marks on your slip, dear,  
Now the end of the month has come.

The little phrases forgotten,  
The papers you did not write,  
The note-book you might have kept, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO SEE

Callie Long for Ducournau?  
Helen Bak-er turkey?  
Bessie Burn-ham for breakfast?  
Roe Brown bread for lunch?  
Eva Ray Cald-well by some one?  
Inez De Cuire girl?  
Helène Norchauer teachers if she "failed"?  
Maggie Reid a book?  
Louise Taylor a suit?  
Bessie Walk-er mile?  
Earle Free-man?  
Aubrey Crow?  
Allen Melt-on the frying-pan?  
Norbert Shaver man?  
Marjorie Hays a "Freshie"?  
Dora Ake?  
Charlton Locke her Latin knowledge up?  
Miss Bessie Russell?  
Emmy Lou Cook her own breakfast?  
Hazel Sharp(en) her knowledge?  
Frances Howell?  
Corinne Aswell as Edwin?

MISS MOORE: "Mr. Holland, name three ways of denoting feminine gender."

MR. HOLLAND: "*She, her, and woman.*"

# Phulish Dictionary

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## A.

*A*—An imaginary mark given for impossible feats in forgotten ages.

*Agriculture*—Substitute for Modern Languages.

*Application*—A thing it is perfectly safe to put on, but is dangerous to put off.

*Assembly*—Time to study plans.

*Athletics*—Mild form of war.

## B.

*Band*—Contracted form of the word "banditti"; also a bunch of wind-jammers.

*Bank-note*—(v. t.) A compound word. "Bank," the side of a stream, and "note," to set down. Hence, to set down by the side of a stream.

*Bulletin-board*—It is called the "bulletin-board" because so many shots are made at it.

## C

*Chorus*—Time used for study in Auditorium after morning announcements.

*Club*—An organization which is a branch of some larger body, having branches itself, some twigs, and a few stickers.

*Crazy*—A kind of quilt. A person is sometimes called a "party"; so a crazy person is a quilting-party.

## D.

*Dago*—What anyone can see in the face of a clock.

*Dignity*—Something one has to stand on to hold it up.

*Doctor*—The only professional man able to completely bury his mistakes.

*Domestic*—Tame.

*Domestic Science*—A science is a study. Domestic Science is "a tame study"; probably called "domestic" in order to distinguish it from the wild varieties, such as Physics and Chemistry.

## E.

*Edification*—Something that may be gotten from the Dictionary. (NOTE.—not this one.)

*Ether*—(Old form, e-i-t-h-e-r.) Something that some folks could be happy with.

*Excuse*—An excuse means about two minutes' delay in each of six classes.

## F.

*Fail*—(Obsolete.) See "flunk."

*Flunk*—A denial of a change of venue, with the Faculty as judges.

*Fragment*—A part of something that has been broken up.

*Frat*—A recent abbreviation of the word "fragment."

*French*—See "flunk."

*Funny*—A misfortune that happens to someone else.

*Funny-bone*—The bone that is nearest the humerus.

## G.

*Gruesome*—What Mr. Merriman's pigs did when he fed them stock food.

## H.

*Hard-ship*—What a sailor gets used to.

*Holland*—The place the Dutch comes from.

*House*—A place in which to live. *Brick house*—A house of made of bricks.

QUERY: What is a dog-house?

## I.

*Ingrate*—The place in which to burn wood or coal.

*Inhuman*—Any joke on one's self.

*Insane*—The way to catch fish.

## J.

*Joke*—(Old form, j-o-l-k). A slightly altered form of the word "jolt."

*Jab*—(v. t.) To stick, as with a hat-pin.

*Jabber*—One who jabs.

## K.

*Key*—See Locke.

## L.

*Laboratory*—A form of the word "labor," highly inflated by evil-smelling gases.

*Latin*—See "flunk."

*Lecture*—An opportunity for the boys to sit with the girls.

*Lobster*—An animal that is green and raw when discovered and turns red when roasted.

*Locke*—See Key. (NOTE.—A lock is no good unless you have the key to it, and *vice versa*.)

*Love*—Meaning not clear. In chivalrous times people fell into it; latest information says that nowadays people jump into it.

*Luck*—When it comes to one's self, it is the well-earned reward of hard work; when it comes to someone else, it is the indiscriminate partiality of fate.

## M.

*Messerschmidt*—From the German *Messer*, a knife, and *Schmidt*, a smith; hence, a knife-smith. A free translation might be "a keen cutter."

*McClung*—The only boy who is a member of the Girls' Glee Club.

*Music*—Anything inspired by the Muses. When people go a-musing, the result is sometimes amusing.

## N.

*Nelken*—*Nel*, a lady's name, and *ken*, a Scotch word, meaning "know"; hence, a lady who knows.

*Normal*—From the Brazilian, Portuguese, and Greek *Normall*. A place of detention for girls. A word used indefinitely to denote a collection of all that embodies beauty, grace, wit, and wisdom, *ad infinitum*. (NOTE.—This is not original.)

## O.

*Ode*—Not exactly clear, but refers usually to board, room, and laundry.

*Opportunity*—Hard work in disguise.



P.

*Padding*—Material used in a paper to fill up space—this Dictionary, for instance.

*Passed*—Essence of ethereal felicity.

*Pine*—To mourn.

*Pine Woods*—Woods where the mourning is done.

*Presumptuous*—To attempt to tell the practice teachers something they don't know about teaching.

*P. P.*—Musical term—"Please Pay."

Q.

*Quit*—A word put in because it is the only one the author could think of that begins with *q*.

R.

*Rat*—Contracted form of the word Rabbit. (NOTE.—A rabbit is a *real* hare.)

S.

*Singing*—A chief source of annoyance to teachers on the second floor.

*Sport*—A fine game when the home team is winning, but a "bum show" when the opponents are running up a big score.

*Stranger*—One who sets his watch by the court-house clock.

*Style*—(Old form, s-t-i-l-e.) A thing that goes round and round and people have to pass through.

T.

*Track*—Something to run on. This is a little run on it.

U.

*Unkind*—Reflection upon people. Even the reflection of a mirror is unkind to some people.

V.

*Vicious*—Any joke on the Faculty.

*Viol*—Something base.

W.

*Wag*—An habitual joker; also contracted from "wagon." The wagon has wheels; so does the wag. The only difference is, that in the case of the wag the wheels are concealed.

*William*—Mr. Williamson's father.

*Witty*—A joke that is pointed at someone else.

*Works*—Something that is better than faith in the case of a watch.

X.

*X*—An unknown quantity, therefore cannot be defined.

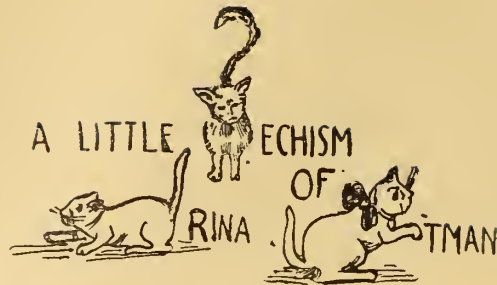
Y.

*Yesterday*—The proper time to have prepared for to-day.

Z.

*Zero*—The lowest mark the Faculty is allowed to give. Sometimes students are given "zero" who do not deserve it. (They deserve less.)

If you wish to help the state  
Of your faulty, feeble pate,  
Then just go and dictionate.



WHEN KITTY TO THE NORMAL SCHOOL  
AT FIRST DOTH GAILY JOG  
HOW DOES SHE LEARN TO LIVE BY RULE?

CONSULTS HER



WHAT DOES OUR KITTY ANSWER WISE,  
IN SCIENCE, MATH, OR STORY,

WHEN HER TEACHERS CATHIZE  
AND SHAKE THEIR LONG CAT LOCKS HOARY?

SOFTLY DOES SHE STROKE HER FURS,  
AND WITH MANY LITTLE PURRS,

SAYS, "SUCH INFORMATION, SIRRS,  
IS OUTSIDE MY CAT GORY"



WHAT DOES SHE LEARN OF FOREIGN LANDS  
FAR BEYOND OUR HOMES?

AND SHADOWY CAT COMBS OF CATARACTS AND CATAPULTS,

AND WITH WHAT FACTS OF KNOWLEDGE DO  
HER TEACHERS TRY TO FILL HER?



TREES,

AND THE LITTLE CAT PEPILLAR



OF LITTLE FOOD

WHEN THERE COMES A ACLYSM  
AND SHE'S HYSTERICAL ONE DAY  
CAUSED BY A LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL SCHISM;  
WHAT DOES OUR GOOD NURSE SAY?



"RUN, GIRLS, AND GET THE ANTISEPTIC,  
I FEAR THIS CHILD IS ALEPTIC



AND IF THIS SAD ASTROPHE  
POOR KITTY SHOULD BEFALL  
WHAT THEN?



ALAS! SHE COULD BUT GIVE  
A LITTLE



WAAUL!

## DAILY ROUTINE OF A NORMAL BOY



6 A.M.



6:30 A.M.



7 A.M.



8 A.M.



12 M



6 P.M.



8 P.M.



11 P.M.



11:55 P.M.

## A Normal Boy's Day

When all my thoughts are "thunk,"  
When all my winks are "wunk,"  
What saved me from a "flunk"?  
My pony.

IRION NELKEN.

MR. SOUTH: "Hargrove, give me the principal parts of pigo."  
"PIGGIE" HARGROVE: "Pigo, pigere, squealie, gruntus."

His face was pale, his visage sad,  
His look was hard and stony.  
"Is grim death near?" I said to him.  
"No, sir; I lost my pony."

MR. SOUTH.



## Ain't It Awful?

---

There 's a perfectly, dearly, darlingly lake,  
With lilies and hyacinths floating,  
And the beautiful, ugliful, Normaful girls  
Want to and can't go a-boating.

There 's a perfectly, handsomely, youngiful boy  
Outside the stile just a-talking,  
And the beautiful, ugliful, wishiful girls  
Want to and can't go a-walking.

There 's a terribly, awfully Faculty bunch  
At Normal deciding our fate,  
And unluckily, sufferingly, Normaly girls  
Want to and can't graduate.

### "CRUSH."

She 'll bring you the nicest bananas  
And Hershey's she 'll buy you galore;  
She 'll make up your bed every morning,  
And lend you her things by the score.

She 'll do this for many a day, dear,  
But some day, when you 're in a rush,  
And hungry, and want her to treat you,  
She 's left you and has a new "crush."

LITTLE FRESHIE.

What does little Freshie say  
Every morn at light's first ray?  
"Belle, must I make up your bed?  
I 'll take your laundry, if I may."

Freshie, work a little longer,  
Till your little limbs are stronger.  
You will some time have a Freshie,  
Who shall do your work each day.

A TOUCHING LITTLE DITTY.

Half a mile, half a mile,  
Half a mile onward,  
Into the hall of starvation marched the five hundred!  
"Ding-dong" the bell did cry,  
Out of their bed did they fly,  
On to the breakfast-room ran the five hundred!

Ice to the right of them,  
Wind to the left of them,  
Girls in the front of them toppled and tumbled;  
Called by the ringing bell,  
From their warm beds they fell—  
Theirs but a scanty ration—that or starvation!

P. S.—This would have been finished, but a rat ran across the floor and  
scared the inspiration out of the poet.

## Epilogue

---

Our work is done,  
Gentle readers. Nothing wants then  
But your allowance, and in that our all  
Is comprehended; it being known that we  
Whose work has made the book cannot be free  
Without your kind approval; which, if you  
Grant willingly, as a fair favor due  
To the editors and their labors (as we pray  
You will us thus discharge without delay),  
We jointly shall extol your wit and might,  
And wish each one good fortune—and good-night.

Natchitoches, La.

April 1, 1912

Dear Student Body,

Please excuse our presumption in furnishing our autographs unasked. It is due to our innate egotism.

yours truly,  
The Faculty

Yours truly,  
The Faculty



The members of the PORPOURRI Staff wish to express their sincere appreciation of the help given on the illustrations in this Annual by Miss Sadie Barlow, Miss Rosa Towns, Miss Jeanne Comeaux, and Miss Zulma Préjean.





# Normal Girls' Headquarters

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The logo for Queen Quality SHOES, featuring the words "Queen Quality" in a stylized script font, with "SHOES" in a smaller, sans-serif font to the right.

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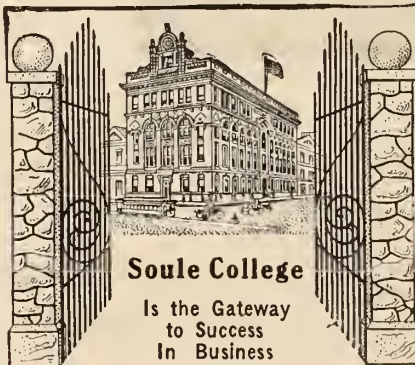
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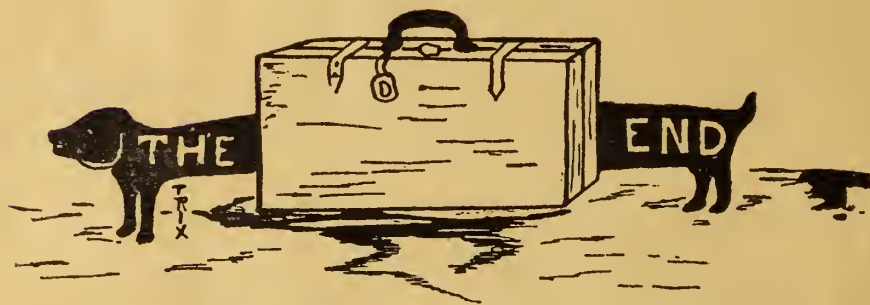
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